To the King.

SIR,

After the delivery of your Royal Father's Person into the hands of the Army, I undertaking to the Queen Mother, that I would find some means to get access to him, she was pleased to send me, and by the help of Hugh Peters *I got my admittance, and coming well instructed from the Queen (his Majesty having been long kept in the dark) he was pleased to discourse very freely with me of the whole state of his Affairs: But Sir, I will not lanch into a History, instead of an Epistle. One morning waiting on him at* Causham, *smiling upon me, he said he could tell me some news of my self, which was that he had seen some Verses of mine the evening before (being those to Sir* R. Fanshaw) *and asking me when I made them, I told him two or* [illegible] *years*

years since; he was pleased to say, that having never seen them before, He was afraid I had written them since my return into England, *and though he liked them well, he would advise me to write no more, alledging, that when men are young, and have little else to do, they might vent the over-flowings of their Fancy that way, but when they were thought fit for more serious Employments, if they still persisted in that course, it would look, as if they minded not the way to any better.*

Whereupon I stood corrected as long as I had the honour to wait upon him, and at his departure from Hampton Court, *he was pleased to command me to stay privately at* London, *to send to him and receive from him all his Letters from and to all his Correspondents at home and abroad, and I was furnisht with nine several Cyphers in order to it: Which trust I performed with great safety to the persons with whom we corresponded; but about nine months after being discovered by their knowledge of Mr.* Cowleys *hand,*

y, that I happily escaped both for my self, and those
He was that held correspondence with me; that time
return was too hot and busie for such idle speculati-
ed them ons, but after I had the good fortune to wait
no more, upon your Majesty in Holland and France,
ng, and you were pleased sometimes to give me argu-
vent the ments to divert and put off the evil hours of
way, but our banishment, which now and then fell not
e serious short of your Majesties expectation.

n that After, when your Majesty departing from
indednot St. Germayns to Jersey, was pleased freely
(without my asking) to confer upon me that
ong as I place wherein I have now the honour to
d at his serve you, I then gave over Poetical lines,
he was and made it my business to draw such others
ately at as might be more serviceable to your Maje-
ve from sty, and I hope more lasting. Since that
s Corr. time I never disobeyed my old Masters com-
was sur. mands till this Summer at the Wells, my
order to retirement there tempting me to divert
t safety those melancholy thoughts, which the new
onded; apparitions of Forreign invasion, and dome-
scover. stick discontent gave us: But these clouds
s hand, being now happily blown over, and our Sun

I cleerly

cleerly ſhining out again, I have recovered the relapſe, it being ſuſpected that it would have proved the Epidemical diſeaſe of age, which is apt to fall back into the follies in youth; yet Socrates, Ariſtotle, *and* Cato *did the ſame, and* Scaliger *ſaith that Fragment of* Ariſtotle, *was beyond any thing that* Pindar *or* Homer *ever wrote. I will not call this a Dedication, for thoſe Epiſtles are commonly greater abſurdities than any that come after; for what Author can reaſonably believe, that fixing the great name of ſome eminent Patron in the forehead of his book can charm away cenſure, and that the firſt leaf ſhould be a curtain to draw over and hide all the deformities that ſtand behind it? neither have I any need of ſuch ſhifts, for moſt of the parts of this body have already had Your Majeſties view, and having paſt the Teſt of ſo clear and ſharp-ſighted a Judgment, which has as good a Title to give Law in Matters of this Nature as in any other, they who ſhall preſume to diſſent from your Majeſty, will do*

more

more wrong to their own
their Judgment can do to
thoſe latter Parts which ha
ved Your Majeſties favou
they who have ſeen them do
(for I dare not truſt my ow
they will make it appear, tha
me as with moſt of manki
forſake their darling vices,
forſake them; and that this
not Frigiditatis causâ, *but an*
and not of Neceſſity. Therefo
only call it an humble Petitio
Majeſty will pleaſe to pardon th
to my old Miſtreſs, and my diſobe
Commands, to whoſe memory I l
great Reverence and Devotion,
a ſerious reflection upon that w
it carries much greater weight w
than when it was given, for when
experience has ſo ripened mans diſc
to make it fit for uſe, either in pri
publick Affairs, nothing blaſts and c
the fruit of it ſo much as the empt

pistle Dedicatory.

ing Nimis Poeta, *and there-*
my leave of the Muses, as
cessors did, saying

ongum vale dico nugis,
& cætera ludicra pono.

lajesties most faithful
loyal Subject, and most
lutiful and devoted servant

Jo. Denham.

Coopers Hill.

SUre there are Poets which did never dream
Upon *Parnaſſus* nor did taſte the ſtream
Of *Helicon*, we therefore may ſuppoſe
Thoſe made not Poets, but the Poets thoſe.
And as Courts make not Kings, but Kings the Court,
So where the Muſes and their train reſort,
Parnaſſus ſtands; if I can be to thee
A Poet, thou *Parnaſſus* art to me.

Nor wonder, if (advantag'd in my flight,
By taking wing from thy auſpicious height)
Through untrac't ways, and aery paths I flye,
More boundleſs in my Fancy than my eye:
My eye, which ſwift as thought contracts the ſpace
That lies between, and firſt ſalutes the place
Crown'd with that ſacred pile, ſo vaſt ſo high,
That whether 'tis a part of Earth, or Sky,
Uncertain ſeems, and may be thought a proud
Aſpiring mountain, or deſcending cloud,
Paul's, the late theme of ſuch a Muſe whoſe flight *M. W.*
Has bravely reach't and ſoar'd above thy height:
Now ſhalt thou ſtand though ſword, or time, or fire,
Or zeal more fierce then they, thy fall conſpire,
Secure, whilſt thee the beſt of Poets ſings,
Preſerv'd from ruine by the beſt of Kings.

Under

Under his proud ſurvey the City lies,
And like a miſt beneath a hill doth riſe;
Whoſe ſtate & wealth the buſineſs and the crowd,
Seems at this diſtance but a darker cloud:
And is to him who rightly things eſteems,
No other in effect than what it ſeems:
Where, with like haſte, though ſeveral ways, they run
Some to undo, and ſome to be undone;
While luxury, and wealth, like war and peace,
Are each the others ruine, and increaſe;
As Rivers loſt in Seas ſome ſecret vein
Thence reconveys, there to be loſt again.
Oh happineſs of ſweet retir'd content!
To be at once ſecure, and innocent.
Windſor the next (where *Mars* with *Venus* dwells, *Windſor.*
Beauty with ſtrength) above the Valley ſwells

Into my eye, and doth it ſelf preſent
With ſuch an eaſie and unforc't aſcent,
That no ſtupendious precipice denies
Acceſs, no horror turns away our eyes:
But ſuch a Riſe, as doth at once invite
A pleaſure, and a reverence from the ſight.
Thy mighty Maſters Emblem, in whoſe face
Sate meekneſs, heightned with Majeſtick Grace,
Such ſeems thy gentle height, made only proud
To be the baſis of that pompous load,
Than which, a nobler weight no Mountain bears,
But *Atlas* only that ſupports the Sphears.
When Natures hand this ground did thus advance,
'Twas guided by a wiſer power then Chance;
Mark't out for ſuch a uſe, as if 'twere meant
T' invite the builder, and his choice prevent.
Nor can we call it choice, when what we chuſe,
Folly, or blindneſs only could refuſe.

A Crown of ſuch Majeſtick Tow'rs doth grace
The Gods great Mother, when her heavenly race
Do homage to her, yet ſhe cannot boaſt
Amongſt that numerous, and Celeſtial hoſt,
More *Hero's* than can *Windſor*, nor doth Fames
Immortal book record more noble names.
Not to look back ſo far, to whom this Iſle
Owes the firſt Glory of ſo brave a pile,
Whether to *Cæſar*, *Albanact*, or *Brute*,
The Britiſh *Arthur*, or the Daniſh *Knute*,
(Though this of old no leſs conteſt did move,
Then when for *Homers* birth ſeven Cities ſtrove)
(Like him in birth, thou ſhould'ſt be like in fame,
As thine his fate, if mine had been his Flame)
But whoſoe're it was, Nature deſign'd
Firſt a brave place, and then as brave a mind.
Not to recount thoſe ſeveral Kings, to whom
It gave a Cradle, or to whom a Tomb,

But thee (great *Edward*) and thy greater ſon, *Edward* the third, and the *Black Prince.*

(The Lillies which his Father wore, he won)

And thy *Bellona*, who the Conſort came Queen *Philip.*

Not only to thy Bed, but to thy Fame,

She to thy Triumph led one Captive King, The Kings of *France* and *Scotland.*

And brought that ſon, which did the ſecond bring.

Then didſt thou found that Order (whether love

Or victory thy Royal thoughts did move)

Each was a noble cauſe, and nothing leſs

Than the deſign, has been the great ſucceſs:

Which foreign Kings, and Emperours eſteem

The ſecond honour to their Diadem.

Had thy great Deſtiny but giv'n thee skill,

To know as well, as power to act her will,

That

That from thoſe Kings, who then thy Captives were,
In after-times ſhould ſpring a Royal pair
Who ſhould poſſeſs all that thy mighty power,
Or thy deſires more mighty, did devour;
To whom their better Fate reſerves what e're
The Victor hopes for, or the Vanquiſht fear;
That bloud, which thou and thy great Grandſire ſhed,
And all that ſince theſe ſiſter Nations bled,
Had been unſpilt, had happy *Edward* known
That all the bloud he ſpilt, had been his own.
When he that Patron choſe, in whom are joyn'd
Souldier and Martyr, and his arm's confin'd
Within the Azure Circle, he did ſeem
But to foretell, and propheſie of him,
Who to his Realms that Azure round hath joyn'd,
Which Nature for their bound at firſt deſign'd.
That bound, which to the Worlds extreameſt ends,
Endleſs it ſelf, it's liquid arms extends;

Nor doth he need thoſe Emblems which we paint,
But is himſelf the Souldier and the Saint.
Here ſhould my wonder dwell, & here my praiſe,
But my fixt thoughts my wandring eye betrays,
Viewing a neighbouring hill, whoſe top of late
A Chappel crown'd, till in the Common Fate,
The adjoyning Abby fell: (may no ſuch ſtorm
Fall on our times, where ruine muſt reform.)
Tell me (my Muſe) what monſtrous dire offence,
What crime could any Chriſtian King incenſe
To ſuch a rage? was't Luxury, or Luſt?
Was he ſo temperate, ſo chaſt, ſo juſt?
Were theſe their crimes? they were his own much (more:
But wealth is Crime enough to him that's poor,
Who having ſpent the Treaſures of his Crown,
Condemns their Luxury to feed his own.
And yet this Act, to varniſh o're the ſhame
Of ſacriledge, muſt bear devotions name.

No crime ſo bold, but would be underſtood
A real, or at leaſt a ſeeming good.
Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the Name,
And free from Conſcience, is a ſlave to Fame.
Thus he the Church at once protects, and ſpoils:
But Princes ſwords are ſharper than their ſtiles.
And thus to th' ages paſt he makes amends,
Their Charity deſtroys, their Faith defends.
Then did Religion in a lazy Cell,
In empty, airy contemplations dwell;
And like the block, unmoved lay: but ours,
As much too active, like the ſtork devours.
Is there no temperate Region can be known,
Betwixt their Frigid, and our Torrid Zone?
Could we not wake from that Lethargick dream,
But to be reſtleſs in a worſe extream?
And for that Lethargy was there no cure,
But to be caſt into a Calenture?

Can knowledge have no bound, but muſt ad-
(vance
So far, to make us wiſh for ignorance?
And rather in the dark to grope our way,
Than led by a falſe guide to erre by day?
Who ſees theſe diſmal heaps, but would demand
What barbarous Invader ſackt the land?
But when he hears, no Goth, no Turk did bring
This deſolation, but a Chriſtian King;
When nothing, but the Name of Zeal, appears
'Twixt our beſt actions and the worſt of theirs,
What does he think our Sacriledge would ſpare,
When ſuch th' effects of our devotions are?
Parting from thence 'twixt anger, ſhame and fear,
Thoſe for what's paſt, & this for what's too near:
My eye deſcending from the Hill, ſurveys
(ſtrays.
Where *Thames* amongſt the wanton vallies
Thames.
Thames, the moſt lov'd of all the Oceans ſons,
By his old Sire to his embraces runs,
Haſting

Hasting to pay his tribute to the Sea,
Like mortal life to meet Eternity.
Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,
Whose foam is Amber, and their Gravel Gold;
His genuine, and less guilty wealth t' explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore;
O're which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
And hatches plenty for th' ensuing Spring.
Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
Like Mothers which their Infants overlay.
Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuse Kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
No unexpected inundations spoyl
The mowers hopes, nor mock the plowmans toyl:
But Godlike his unwearied Bounty flows;
First loves to do, then loves the Good he does.
Nor are his Blessings to his banks confin'd,
But free, and common, as the Sea or Wind;

When

When he to boaſt, or to diſperſe his ſtores
Full of the tributes of his grateful ſhores,
Viſits the world, and in his flying towers
Brings home to us, and makes both *Indies* ours;
Finds wealth where 'tis, beſtows it where it wants
Cities in deſerts, woods in Cities plants.
So that to us nothing, no place is ſtrange,
While his fair boſom is the worlds exchange.
O could I flow like thee, and make thy ſtream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep, yet clear, though gentle, yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without o're-flowing full.
Heaven her *Eridanus* no more ſhall boaſt,
Whoſe Fame in thine, like leſſer Currents loſt,
Thy Nobler ſtreams ſhall viſit *Jove*'s abodes,
To ſhine amongſt the Stars, and bath the Gods,

The Foreſt.

Here Nature, whether more intent to pleaſe
Us or her ſelf, with ſtrange varieties,
For

(For things of wonder give no leſs delight
To the wiſe Maker's, than beholders ſight.
Though theſe delights from ſeveral cauſes move ;
For ſo our children, thus our friends we love)
Wiſely ſhe knew, the harmony of things,
As well as that of ſounds, from diſcords ſprings.
Such was the diſcord, which did firſt diſperſe
Form, order, beauty through the Univerſe ;
While drineſs moyſture, coldneſs heat reſiſts,
All that we have, and that we are, ſubſiſts.
While the ſteep horrid roughneſs of the Wood
Strives with the gentle calmneſs of the flood.
Such huge extreams when Nature doth unite,
Wonder from thence reſults, from thence delight.
The ſtream is ſo tranſparent, pure, and clear,
Narciſſus.
That had the ſelf-enamour'd youth gaz'd here,
So fatally deceiv'd he had not been,
While he the bottom, not his face had ſeen.

(For

But

But his proud head the aery Mountain hides
Among the Clouds; his ſhoulders, and his ſides
A ſhady mantle cloaths; his curled brows
Frown on the gentle ſtream, which calmly flows,
While winds and ſtorms his lofty forehead beat:
The common fate of all that's high or great.
Low at his foot a ſpacious plain is plac't,
Between the mountain and the ſtream embrac't:
Which ſhade and ſhelter from the Hill derives,
While the kind river wealth and beauty gives;
And in the mixture of all theſe appears
Variety, which all the reſt indears.
This ſcene had ſome bold Greek, or Britiſh Bard
Beheld of old, what ſtories had we heard,
Of Fairies, Satyrs, and the Nymphs their Dames,
Their feaſts, their revels, & their amorous flames?
'Tis ſtill the ſame, although their aery ſhape
All but a quick Poetick ſight eſcape.

There

...ve to ſlacken, and t...

Attended to the Chaſe by all the flower
Of youth, whoſe hopes a Nobler prey devour:
Pleaſure with Praiſe, & danger they would buy,
And wiſh a foe that would not only flye.
The ſtag now conſcious of his fatal Growth,
At once indulgent to his fear and ſloth,
To ſome dark covert his retreat had made,
Where nor mans eye, nor heavens ſhould invade
His ſoft repoſe; when th' unexpected ſound
Of dogs, and men, his wakeful ear doth wound:

Rouz'd

[illegible] then his armed he[illegible]
[illegible] these t' avoid, with that his Fate to meet:
But fear prevails, and bids him truſt his feet.
So faſt he flies, that his reviewing eye
Has loſt the chaſers, and his ear the cry;
Exulting, till he finds, their Nobler ſenſe
Their diſproportion'd ſpeed does recompenſe.
Then curſes his conſpiring feet, whoſe ſcent
Betrays that ſafety which their ſwiftneſs lent.
Then tries his friends, among the baſer herd,
Where he ſo lately was obey'd, and fear'd,

His

His ſafety ſeeks: the herd, unkindly wiſe,
Or chaſes him from thence, or from him flies.
Like a declining Stateſ-man, left forlorn
To his friends pity, and purſuers ſcorn,
With ſhame remembers, while himſelf was one
Of the ſame herd, himſelf the ſame had done.
Thence to the coverts, and the conſcious Groves,
The ſcenes of his paſt triumphs, and his loves;
Sadly ſurveying where he rang'd alone
Prince of the ſoyl, and all the herd his own;
And like a bold Knight Errant did proclaim
Combat to all, and bore away the Dame;
And taught the woods to eccho to the ſtream
His dreadful challenge, and his claſhing beam.
Yet faintly now declines the fatal ſtrife;
So much his love was dearer than his life.
Now every leaf, and every moving breath
Preſents a foe, and every foe a death.

Wearied,

Wearied, forſaken, and purſu'd, at laſt
All ſafety in deſpair of ſafety plac'd,
Courage he thence reſumes, reſolv'd to bear
All their aſſaults, ſince 'tis in vain to fear.
And now too late he wiſhes for the fight
That ſtrength he waſted in ignoble flight:
But when he ſees the eager chaſe renew'd,
Himſelf by dogs, the dogs by men purſu'd:
He ſtraight revokes his bold reſolve, and more
Repents his courage, than his fear before;
Finds that uncertain ways unſafeſt are,
And Doubt a greater miſchief than Deſpair.
Then to the ſtream, when neither friends, nor force,
Nor ſpeed, nor Art avail, he ſhapes his courſe;
Thinks not their rage ſo deſperate t' aſſay
An Element more mercileſs than they.

But

But fearleſs they purſue, nor can the floud
Quench their dire thirſt; alas, they thirſt for
bloud.
So towards a Ship the oarefin'd Gallies ply,
Which wanting Sea to ride, or wind to fly,
Stands but to fall reveng'd on thoſe that dare
Tempt the laſt fury of extream deſpair.
So fares the Stag among the enraged Hounds,
Repels their force, and wounds returns for
wounds.
And as a Hero, whom his baſer foes
In troops ſurround, now theſe aſſails, now thoſe,
Though prodigal of life, diſdains to die
By common hands; but if he can deſcry
Some nobler foes approach, to him he calls,
And begs his Fate, and then contented falls.
So when the King a mortal ſhaft lets flye
From his unerring hand, then glad to dye,

Proud of the wound, to it reſigns his blood,
And ſtains the Cryſtal with a Purple flood.
This a more Innocent, and hapyy chaſe,
Than when of old, but in the ſelf-ſame place,
Fair liberty purſu'd, and meant a Prey
To lawleſs power, here turn'd, and ſtood at bay.

Runny Mead where that great Charter was firſt ſealed.

When in that remedy all hope was plac't
Which was, or ſhould have been at leaſt, the laſt.
Here was that Charter ſeal'd, wherein the Crown
All marks of Arbitrary power lays down:

Magna Charta.

Tyrant and ſlave, thoſe names of hate and fear,
The happier ſtile of King and Subject bear:
Happy, when both to the ſame Center move,
When Kings give liberty, and Subjects love.
Therefore not long in force this Charter ſtood;
Wanting that ſeal, it muſt be ſeal'd in blood.

The

The Subjects arm'd, the more their Princes gave,
Th' advantage only took the more to crave:
Till Kings by giving, give themselves away,
And even that power, that should deny, betray.
"Who gives constrain'd, but his own fear reviles
"Not thank't, but scorn'd; nor are they gifts, but spoils.
Thus Kings, by grasping more than they could hold,
First made their Subjects by oppression bold:
And popular sway, by forcing Kings to give
More than was fit for Subjects to receive,
Ran to the same extreams; and one excess
Made both, by striving to be greater, less.
When a calm River rais'd with sudden rains,
Or Snows dissolv'd, o'reflows th' adjoyning Plains,
The Husbandmen with high-rais'd banks secure
Their greedy hopes, and this he can endure.

But if with Bays and Dams they ſtrive to force
His channel to a new, or narrow courſe;
No longer then within his banks he dwells,
Firſt to a Torrent, then a Deluge ſwells:
Stronger and fiercer by reſtraint he roars,
And knows no bound, but makes his power his
ſhores.

FINIS.

THE PREFACE.

THere are ſo few Tranſlations which deſerve praiſe, that I ſcarce ever ſaw any which deſerv'd pardon; thoſe who travel in that kind, being for the moſt part ſo unhappy, as to rob others, without enriching themſelves, pulling down the fame of good Authors, without raiſing their own: Neither hath any Author been more hardly dealt with-all than this our Maſter; and the reaſon is evident, for, what is moſt excellent, is moſt inimitable; and if even the worſt

Au-

Authors are yet made worſe by their Tranſlators, how impoſſible is it not to do great injury to the beſt? And therefore I have not the vanity to think my Copy equal to the Original, nor (conſequently) my ſelf altogether guiltleſs of what I accuſe others; but if *I* can do *Virgil* leſs injury than others have done, it will be, in ſome degree to do him right; and indeed, the hope of doing him more right, is the only ſcope of this Eſſay, by opening this new way of Tranſlating this Author, to thoſe whom youth, leiſure, and better fortune makes fitter for ſuch undertakings.

I conceive it a vulgar error in Tranſlating Poets, to affect being *Fidus Interpres*; let that care be with them who deal in matters of Fact, or matters of Faith: but whoſoever aims at it in Poetry, as he attempts what is not required, ſo he ſhall never perform what he attempts; for it is not his buſineſs alone to tranſlate Language into language, but Poeſie into Poeſie; & Poeſie

eſie is of ſo ſubtile a ſpirit, that in pouring out of one Language into another, it will all evaporate, and if a new ſpirit be not added in the Transfuſion, there will remain nothing but a *Caput mortuum*, there being certain Graces and Happineſſes peculiar to every Language, which gives life and energy to the words; and whoſoever offers at Verbal Tranſlation, ſhall have the misfortune of that young Traveller, who loſt his own language abroad, and brought home no other inſtead of it: for the grace of the Latine will be loſt by being turned into Engliſh words; and the grace of the Engliſh, by being turned into the Latine Phraſe. And as ſpeech is the apparel of our thoughts, ſo are there certain Garbs and Modes of ſpeaking, which vary with the times; the faſhion of our clothes being not more ſubject to alteration, than that of our ſpeech: and this I think *Tacitus* means, by that which he calls *Sermonem temporis iſtius auribus accommodatum*; the delight of change being as due to the curioſity

curioſity of the ear, as of the eye; and therefore if *Virgil* muſt needs ſpeak Engliſh, it were fit he ſhould ſpeak not only as a man of this Nation, but as a man of this Age; and if this Diſguiſe *I* have put upon him (I wiſh *I* could give it a better name) fit not naturally and eaſily on ſo Grave a Perſon, yet it may become him better than that Fools-Coat, wherein the French and Italian have of late preſented him; at leaſt, *I* hope, it will not make him appear deformed, by making any part enormouſly bigger or leſs than the life, (I having made it my principal care to follow him, as he made it his to follow Nature in all his proportions) Neither have I any where offered ſuch violence to his ſenſe, as to make it ſeem mine, and not his. Where my expreſſions are not ſo full as his, either our Language, or my Art were defective (but I rather ſuſpect my ſelf;) but where mine are fuller than his, they are but the impreſſions which the often reading of him, hath left upon my thoughts;

thoughts; ſo that if they are not his own Conceptions, they are at leaſt the reſults of them; and if (being conſcious of making him ſpeak worſe than he did almoſt in every line) I erre in endeavouring ſometimes to make him ſpeak better; I hope it will be judged an error on the right hand, and ſuch an one as may deſerve pardon, if not imitation.

ARGU-

Argument.

THE *first Book ſpeaking of* Æneas *his voyage by Sea, and how being caſt by tempeſt upon the coaſt of* Carthage, *he was received by Queen* Dido, *who after the Feaſt, deſires him to make the relation of the Deſtruction of* Troy, *which is the Argument of this Book.*

THE

THE DESTRUCTION OF TROY,

An Essay on the SECOND BOOK of *Virgil*'s *Æneis*.

WHile all with silence and attention wait,
Thus speaks *Æneas* from the bed of State;
Madam, when you command us to review
Our Fate, you make our old wounds bleed anew,
And all those sorrows to my sense restore,
Whereof none saw so much, none suffer'd more:
Not

Not the moſt cruel of Our conqu'ring Foes
So unconcern'dly can relate our woes,
As not to lend a tear; Then how can I
Repreſs the horror of my thoughts, which flye
The ſad remembrance? Now th' expiring night
And the declining Stars to reſt invite;
Yet ſince 'tis your command, what you, ſo well
Are pleas'd to hear, I cannot grieve to tell.
By Fate repell'd, and with repulſes tyr'd,
The *Greeks*, ſo many Lives and years expir'd,
A Fabrick like a moving Mountain frame,
Pretending vows for their return; this, Fame
Divulges, then within the beaſts vaſt womb
The choice and flower of all their Troops en-
(tomb,
In view the Iſle of *Tenedos*, once high
In fame and wealth while *Troy* remain'd, doth lie,
(Now but an unſecure and open Bay)
(vey:
Thither by ſtealth the *Greeks* their Fleet con-

We gave them gone, and to *Mycenæ* ſail'd,
And *Troy* reviv'd, her mourning face unvail'd;
All through th' unguarded Gates with joy reſort
To ſee the ſlighted Camp, the vacant Port;
Here lay *Ulyſſes*, there *Achilles*, here (there;
The Battels joyn'd, the *Grecian* Fleet rode
But the vaſt Pile th' amazed vulgar views
Till they their Reaſon in their wonder loſe;
And firſt *Tymætes* moves, (urg'd by the Power
Of Fate, or Fraud) to place it in the Tower,
But *Capis* and the graver ſort thought fit,
The *Greeks* ſuſpected Preſent to commit
To Seas or flames, at leaſt to ſearch and bore
The ſides, & what that ſpace contains t' explore;
Th' uncertain Multitude with both engag'd,
Divided ſtands, till from the Tower, enrag'd
Laocoon ran, whom all the crowd attends,
Crying, what deſperate Frenzy's this? (oh friends)

To think them gone? Judge rather their retreat
But a deſign, their gifts but a deceit,
For our Deſtruction 'twas contriv'd no doubt,
Or from within by fraud, or from without
By force; yet know ye not *Ulyſſes* ſhifts?
Their ſwords leſs danger carry than their gifts.
(This ſaid) againſt the Horſes ſide, his ſpear
He throws, which trembles with incloſed fear,
Whilſt from the hollows of his womb proceed
Groans, not his own; And had not Fate decreed
Our Ruine, We had fill'd with *Grecian* blood
The Place, Then *Troy* and *Priam*'s Throne had ſtood;
Mean while a fetter'd pris'ner to the King
With joyful ſhouts the *Dardan* Shepherds bring,
Who to betray us did himſelf betray,
At once the Taker, and at once the Prey,
Firmly prepar'd, of one event ſecur'd,
Or of his Death or his Deſign aſſur'd.

The

The *Trojan* Youth about the Captive flock,
To wonder, or to pity, or to mock.
Now hear the *Grecian* fraud, and from this one
Conjecture all the reſt.
Diſarm'd, diſorder'd, caſting round his eyes
On all the Troops that guarded him, he cries,
What Land, what Sea, for me what Fate attends?
Caught by my Foes, condemned by my Friends,
Incenſed *Troy* a wretched Captive ſeeks
To ſacrifice, a Fugitive, the Greeks;
To Pity, This Complaint our former Rage
Converts, we now enquire his Parentage,
What of their Councils, or affairs he knew,
Then fearleſs, he replies, Great King to you
All truth I ſhall relate: Nor firſt can I
My ſelf to be of *Grecian* birth deny,
And though my outward ſtate, misfortune hath
Depreſt thus low, it cannot reach my Faith.

You may by chance have heard the famous name
Of *Palimede*, who from old *Belus* came,
Whom, but for voting Peace, the *Greeks* purſue,
Accus'd unjuſtly, then unjuſtly ſlew,
Yet mourn'd his death. My Father was his friend,
And me to his commands did recommend,
While Laws and Councils did his Throne ſupport,
I but a youth, yet ſome Eſteem and Port
We then did bear, till by *Ulyſſes* craft
(Things known I ſpeak) he was of life bereft:
Since in dark ſorrow I my days did ſpend,
Till now diſdaining his unworthy end
I could not ſilence my Complaints, but vow'd
Revenge, if ever fate or chance allow'd
My wiſht return to *Greece*; from hence his hate,
From thence my crimes, and all my ills bear date:

Old guilt freſh malice gives; the peoples ears
He fills with rumours, and their hearts with fears,
And then the Prophet to his party drew.
But why do I theſe thankleſs truths purſue;
Or why defer your Rage? on me, for all
The *Greeks*, let your revenging fury fall.
Ulyſſes this, th' *Atridæ* this deſire
At any rate. We ſtraight are ſet on fire
(Unpractis'd in ſuch Myſteries) to enquire
The manner and the cauſe, Which thus he told
With geſtures humble, as his Tale was bold.
Oft have the *Greeks* (the ſiege deteſting) tyr'd
With tedious war, a ſtoln retreat deſir'd,
And would to Heaven they had gone: But ſtill
diſmay'd
By Seas or Skies, unwillingly they ſtay'd,
Chiefly when this ſtupendious Pile was rais'd
Strange noiſes fill'd the Air, we all amaz'd

Diſpatch *Eurypilus* to enquire our Fates,
Who thus the ſentence of the Gods relates;
A Virgins ſlaughter did the ſtorm appeaſe
When firſt towards *Troy* the *Grecians* took the Seas,
Their ſafe retreat another *Grecians* blood
Muſt purchaſe; All, at this confounded ſtood:
Each thinks himſelf the Man, the fear on all
Of what, the miſchief, but on one can fall:
Then *Calchas* (by *Ulyſſes* firſt inſpir'd)
Was urg'd to name whom th' angry Gods requir'd,
Yet was I warn'd (for many were as well
Inſpir'd as he) and did my fate foretel.
Ten days the Prophet in ſuſpence remain'd,
Would no mans fate pronounce; at laſt conſtrain'd
By *Ithacus*, he ſolemnly deſign'd
Me for the Sacrifice; the people joyn'd

In

In glad consent, and all their common fear
Determine in my fate, the day drew near;
The sacred Rites prepar'd, my temples crown'd
With holy wreaths; Then I confess I found
The means to my escape, my bonds I brake,
Fled from my Guards, and in a muddy Lake
Amongst the Sedges all the night lay hid,
Till they their Sails had hoist (if so they did)
And now alas no hope remains for me
My home, my father and my sons to see,
Whom, they enrag'd, will kill for my Offence,
And punish for my guilt their Innocence.
Those Gods who know the Truths I now relate,
That faith which yet remains inviolate
By mortal men; By these I beg, redress
My causless wrongs, and pity such distress.
And now true Pity in exchange he finds
For his false tears, his tongue, his hands unbinds.

Then ſpake the King, be Ours who e're thou art,
Forget the *Greeks*. But firſt the truth impart,
Why did they raiſe, or to what uſe intend
This pile? to a Warlike, or Religious end?
Skilful in fraud, (his native Art) his hands
Toward Heaven he rais'd, deliver'd now from
bands.
Ye pure Æthereal flames, ye Powers ador'd
By mortal men, ye Altars, and the ſword
I ſcap'd; ye ſacred Fillets that involv'd
My deſtin'd head, grant I may ſtand abſolv'd
From all their Laws and Rites, renounce all
name
Of faith or love, their ſecret thoughts proclaim;
Only O *Troy*, preſerve thy faith to me,
If what I ſhall relate preſerveth thee.
From *Pallas* favour, all our hopes, and all
Counſels, and Actions took Original,

Till

Till *Diomed* (for ſuch attempts made fit
By dire conjunction with *Ulyſſes* wit)
Aſſails the ſacred Tower, the Guards they ſlay,
Defile with bloudy hands, and thence convey
The fatal Image; ſtraight with our ſucceſs
Our hopes fell back, whilſt prodigies expreſs
Her juſt diſdain, her flaming eyes did throw
Flaſhes of Lightning, from each part did flow
A briny ſweat, thrice brandiſhing her ſpear,
Her Statue from the ground it ſelf did rear;
Then, that we ſhould our Sacrilege reſtore
And reconveigh their Gods from *Argos* ſhore,
Chalcas perſwades, till then we urge in vain
The fate of *Troy*. To meaſure back the Main
They all conſent, but to return agen,
When re-inforc'd with aids of Gods and men.
Thus *Chalcas*, then inſtead of that, this Pile
To *Pallas* was deſign'd; to reconcile

Th' offended Power, and expiate our guilt,
To this vaſt height and monſtrous ſtature built,
Leſt through your gates receiv'd, it might renew
Your vows to her, and her Defence to you.
But if this ſacred gift you diſ-eſteem,
Then cruel Plagues (which heaven divert on them)
Shall faſt on *Priams* State: but if the horſe
Your walls aſcend, aſſiſted by your force,
A League 'gainſt *Greece* all *Aſia* ſhall contract;
Our Sons then ſuffering what their Sires would act.
Thus by his fraud and our own faith o'recome,
A feigned tear deſtroys us, againſt whom
Tydides nor *Achilles* could prevail,
Nor ten years conflict, nor a thouſand Sail.
This ſeconded by a moſt ſad Portent
Which credit to the firſt impoſture lent;

Laocoon,

Laocoon, *Neptune's* Prieſt, upon the day
Devoted to that God, a Bull did ſlay,
When two prodigious ſerpents were deſcride,
Whoſe circling ſtroaks the Seas ſmooth face divide;
Above the deep they raiſe their ſcaly Creſts,
And ſtem the floud with their erected breſts,
Their winding tails advance and ſteer their courſe,
And 'gainſt the ſhore the breaking Billow force.
Now landing, from their brandiſht tongues there came
A dreadful hiſs, and from their eyes a flame:
Amaz'd we flye, directly in a line
Laocoon they purſue, and firſt intwine
(Each preying upon one) his tender ſons,
Then him, who armed to their reſcue runs,

Laocoon, They

They ſeiz'd, and with intangling folds embrac'd
His neck twice compaſſing, and twice his waſt,
Their poys'nous knots he ſtrives to break, and tear,
Whilſt ſlime and blood his ſacred wreaths beſmear,
Then loudly roars, as when th' enraged Bull
From th' Altar flies, and from his wounded skull
Shakes the huge Ax; the conqu'ring ſerpents flye
To cruel *Pallas* Altar, and there lye
Under her feet, within her ſhields extent;
We in our fears conclude this fate was ſent
Juſtly on him, who ſtruck the Sacred Oak
With his accurſed Lance. Then to invoke
The Goddeſs, and let in the fatal horſe
We all conſent:
A ſpacious breach we make, and *Troys* proud wall
Built by the Gods, by our own hands doth fall;
Thus,

Thus, all their help to their own ruine give,
Some draw with cords, and ſome the Monſter drive
With Rolls and Leavers, thus our works it climbs,
Big with our fate, the youth with Songs and Rhimes,
Some dance, ſome hale the Rope; at laſt let down
It enters with a thundering noiſe the Town.
Oh *Troy* the ſeat of Gods, in war renown'd;
Three times it ſtuck, as oft the claſhing ſound
Of Arms was heard, yet blinded by the Power
Of Fate, we place it in the ſacred Tower.
Caſſandra then foretels th' event, but ſhe
Finds no belief (ſuch was the Gods decree.)
The Altars with freſh flowers we crown, and waſt
In Feaſts that day, which was (alas) our laſt.

Now

Now by the revolution of the Skies,
Nights ſable ſhadows from the Ocean riſe,
Which Heaven and Earth, and the *Greek* frauds (involv'd,
The City in ſecure repoſe diſſolv'd,
When from the Admirals high Poop appears
A light, by which the *Argive* Squadron ſteers
Their ſilent courſe to *Iliums* well known Shore,
When *Synon* (ſav'd by the Gods partial power)
Opens the horſe, and through the unlockt doors
To the free Air the armed fraight reſtores:
Ulyſſes, *Steneleus*, *Tyſander* ſlide
Down by a Rope, *Machaon* was their guide;
Atrides, *Pyrrhus*, *Thoas*, *Athamas*,
And *Epeus* who the frauds contriver was, (wine
The Gates they ſeize, the Guards with ſleep and
Oppreſt, ſurprize, and then their forces joyn.
'Twas then, when the firſt ſweets of ſleep repair
Our bodies ſpent with toil, our minds with care
(The

(The Gods beſt gift) When bath'd in tears and blood

Before my face lamenting *Hector* ſtood,

Such his aſpect when ſoyl'd with bloudy duſt

Dragg'd by the cords which through his feet were thruſt

By his inſulting Foe; O how transform'd!

How much unlike that *Hector* who return'd

Clad in *Achilles* ſpoils; when he, among

A thouſand ſhips (like *Jove*) his Lightning flung;

His horrid Beard and knotted Treſſes ſtood

Stiff with his gore, and all his wounds ran blood:

Intranc'd I lay, then (weeping) ſaid, The Joy,

The hope and ſtay of thy declining *Troy*;

What Region held thee, whence, ſo much deſir'd,

Art thou reſtor'd to us conſum'd and tir'd

With toyls and deaths; but what ſad cauſe confounds

Thy once fair looks, or why appear thoſe wounds?

Re-

Regardleſs of my words, he no reply
Returns, but with a dreadful groan doth cry,
Fly from the Flame, O Goddeſs-born, our walls
The *Greeks* poſſeſs, and *Troy* confounded falls
From all her Glories; if it might have ſtood
By any Power, by this right hand it ſhould.
What Man could do, by me for *Troy* was done,
Take here her Reliques and her Gods, to run
With them thy Fate, with them new Walls expect,
Which, toſt on Seas, thou ſhalt at laſt erect;
Then brings old *Veſta* from her ſacred Quire,
Her holy Wreaths, and her eternal Fire.
Mean while the Walls with doubtful cries reſound
From far (for ſhady coverts did ſurround
My Fathers houſe) approaching ſtill more near
The claſh of Arms, and voice of men we hear:

Rowz'd

Rowz'd from my Bed, I ſpeedily aſcend
The houſes tops, and liſtning there attend,
As flames rowl'd by the winds conſpiring force,
O're full-ear'd Corn, or Torrents raging courſe
Bears down th' oppoſing Oaks, the fields de-
ſtroys
And mocks the Plough-mans toil, th' unlookt for
noiſe
From neighb'ring hills, th' amazed Shepherd
hears;
Such my ſurpriſe, and ſuch their rage appears.
Firſt fell thy houſe *Ucalegon*, then thine
Deiphobus, *Sigæan* Seas did ſhine
Bright with *Troys* flames, the Trumpets dreadful
ſound,
The louder groans of dying men confound.
Give me my arms, I cry'd, reſolv'd to throw
My ſelf 'mongſt any that oppos'd the Foe:

Rage, anger, and deſpair at once ſuggeſt
That of all Deaths, to die in Arms was beſt.
The firſt I met was *Panthus*, *Phœbus* Prieſt,
Who ſcaping with his Gods and Reliques fled,
And towards the ſhore his little Grandchild led;
Panthus, what hope remains? what force? what
place
Made good? but ſighing, he replies (alas)
Trojans we were, and mighty *Ilium* was;
But the laſt period and the fatal hour
Of *Troy* is come: Our Glory and our Power
Incenſed *Jove* transfers to Grecian hands,
The Foe within, the burning Town commands;
And (like a ſmother'd fire) an unſeen force
Breaks from the bowels of the fatal horſe:
Inſulting *Synon* flings about the flame,
And thouſands more than e're from *Argos* came
Poſſeſs the Gates, the Paſſes and the Streets,

And

And theſe the ſword o'retakes, and thoſe it meets,
The Guard nor fights nor flies; Their fate ſo near
At once ſuſpends their Courage and their Fear.
Thus by the Gods, and by *Atrides* words
Inſpir'd, I make my way through fire, through ſwords,
Where Noiſes, Tumults, Out-cries and Alarms
I heard, firſt *Iphitus* renown'd for Arms
We meet, who knew us (for the Moon did ſhine)
Then *Ripheus*, *Hippanis* and *Dymas* joyn
Their force, and young *Choræbus Mygdons* ſon,
Who, by the Love of fair *Caſſandra*, won,
Arriv'd but lately in her Fathers Aid
Unhappy, whom the Threats could not diſ-ſwade
Of his Prophetick Spouſe;

Whom, when I ſaw, yet daring to maintain
The fight, I ſaid, Brave Spirits (but in vain)
Are you reſolv'd to follow one who dares
Tempt all extreams? The ſtate of Our affairs
You ſee: the Gods have left us, by whoſe aid
Our Empire ſtood; nor can the flame be ſtaid:
Then let us fall amidſt our Foes; this one
Relief the vanquiſht have, to hope for none.
Then re-inforc'd, as in a ſtormy night
Wolves urged by their raging appetite
Forrage for prey, which their neglected young
With greedy jaws expect, ev'n ſo among
Foes, Fire and Swords, t' aſſured death we paſs,
Darkneſs our Guide, Deſpair our Leader was.
Who can relate that Evenings woes and ſpoils,
Or can his tears proportion to our Toils!
The City, which ſo long had flouriſht, falls;
Death triumphs o're the Houſes, Temples, Walls,

Nor

Nor only on the *Trojans* fell this doom,
Their hearts at laſt the vanquiſh'd re-aſſume;
And now the Victors fall, on all ſides, fears,
Groans and pale Death in all her ſhapes appears:
Androgeus firſt with his whole Troop was caſt
Upon us, with civility miſplac't;
Thus greeting us you loſe by your delay,
Your ſhare both of the honour and the prey,
Others the ſpoils of burning *Troy* convey
Back to thoſe Ships, which you but now for-
ſake;
We making no return; his ſad miſtake
Too late he finds: As when an unſeen Snake
A Travellers unwary foot hath preſt,
Who trembling ſtarts, when the Snakes azure
Creſt,
Swoln with his riſing Anger, he eſpies,
So from our view ſurpriz'd *Androgeus* flies.

But here an eaſie victory we meet :
Fear binds their hands, and ignorance their feet,
Whilſt Fortune, our firſt Enterprize, did aid,
Encourag'd with ſucceſs, *Choræbus* ſaid,
O Friends, we now by better Fates are led,
And the fair Path they lead us, let us dread.
Firſt change your Arms, and their diſtinctions bear ;
The ſame, in Foes, Deceit and Vertue are.
Then of his Arms, *Androgeus* he diveſts,
His Sword, his Shield he takes, and plumed Creſts,
Then *Ripheus*, *Dymas*, and the reſt, All glad
Of the occaſion, in freſh ſpoils are clad.
Thus mixt, with Greeks, as if their Fortune ſtill
Follow'd their ſwords, we fight, purſue, and kill.
Some re-aſcend the Horſe, and he whoſe ſides
Let forth the valiant, now, the Coward hides.

Some,

Some, to their ſafer Guard their Ships, retire;
But vain's that hope, 'gainſt which the Gods conſpire:
Behold the Royal Virgin, The Divine
Caſſandra, from *Minerva's* fatal ſhrine
Dragg'd by the hair, caſting towards Heaven in vain,
Her Eyes; for Cords her tender hands did ſtrain:
Chorœbus at the ſpectacle enrag'd,
Flies in amidſt the foes: we thus engag'd,
To ſecond him, amongſt the thickeſt ran;
Here firſt our ruine from our friends began,
Who from the Temples Battlements a ſhower
Of Darts and Arrows on our heads did powr:
They, us for Greeks, and now the Greeks (who knew
Caſſandra's reſcue) us for *Trojans* ſlew.
Then from all parts *Ulyſſes*, *Ajax*, then,
And then th' *Atridæ* rally all their men;

As winds, that meet from ſeveral Coaſts, conteſt,
Their priſons being broke, the South and Weſt,
And *Eurus* on his winged Courſers born
Triumphing in their ſpeed, the woods are torn,
And chaſing *Nereus* with his *Trident* throws
The billows from their bottom; Then all thoſe
Who in the dark our fury did eſcape,
Returning, know our borrowed Arms and ſhape
And differing dialect: Then their numbers
ſwell
And grow upon us; firſt *Choræbus* fell
Before *Minerva*'s Altar, next did bleed
Juſt *Ripheus*, whom no *Trojan* did exceed
In virtue, yet the Gods his fate decreed.
Then *Hippanis* and *Dymas* wounded by
Their Friends; nor thee *Panthus* thy Piety,
Nor conſecrated Mitre, from the ſame
Ill fate could ſave; My Countries funeral flame

And *Troj*
To witn
No Foes,
Did, and
Now *Iph*
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Th' *Aſſa*
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The Gre
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Arrows
The Batt

And

And *Troys* cold aſhes I atteſt, and call
To witneſs for my ſelf, That in their fall
No Foes, no Death, nor Danger I declin'd,
Did, and deſerv'd no leſs, my Fate to find.
Now *Iphitus* with me, and *Pelias*
Slowly retire, the one retarded was
By feeble Age, the other by a wound,
To Court the Cry directs us, where We found
Th' Aſſault ſo hot, as if 'twere only there,
And all the reſt ſecure from foes or fear:
The Greeks the Gates approach'd, their Targets caſt,
Over their heads ſome ſcaling ladders plac't
Againſt the walls, the reſt the ſteps aſcend,
And with their ſhields on their left Arms defend
Arrows and darts, and with their right hold faſt
The Battlement; on them the *Trojans* caſt
Stones,

Stones, Rafters, Pillars, Beams, ſuch Arms as
theſe,
Now hopeleſs, for their laſt defence they ſeize.
The gilded Roofs, the marks of ancient ſtate
They tumble down, and now againſt the Gate
Of th' Inner Court their growing force they
bring,
Now was our laſt effort to ſave the King,
Relieve the fainting, and ſucceed the dead.
A Private Gallery 'twixt th' appartments led,
Not to the Foe yet known, or not obſerv'd,
(The way for *Hectors* hapleſs Wife reſerv'd,
When to the aged King, her little ſon
She would preſent) Through this we paſs & run
Up to the higheſt Battlement, from whence
The *Trojans* threw their darts without offence.
A Tower ſo high, it ſeem'd to reach the sky,
Stood on the Roof, from whence we could de-
ſcry

All

All *Ilium*---- both the Camps, the Grecian Fleet;
This, where the Beams upon the Columns meet,
We looſen, which like Thunder from the Cloud
Breaks on their heads, as ſudden and as loud.
But others ſtill ſucceed: mean time, nor ſtones
Nor any kind of weapons ceaſe.
Before the Gate in gilded Armour, ſhone
Young *Pyrrhus*, like a Snake his skin new grown,
Who fed on poys'nous herbs, all winter lay
Under the ground, and now reviews the day
Freſh in his new apparel, proud and young,
Rowls up his Back, and brandiſhes his tongue,
And lifts his ſcaly breaſt againſt the Sun;
With him his Fathers Squire, *Antomedon*
And *Periphas* who drove his winged ſteeds,
Enter the Court; whom all the youth ſucceeds
Of *Scyros* Iſle, who flaming firebrands flung
Up to the roof, *Pyrrhus* himſelf among

The foremoſt with an Axe an entrance hews
Through beams of ſolid Oak, then freely views
The Chambers, Galleries, and Rooms of State,
Where *Priam* and the ancient Monarchs ſate.
At the firſt Gate an Armed Guard appears;
But th' Inner Court with horror, noiſe and tears
Confus'dly fill'd, the womens ſhrieks and cries
The Arched Vaults re-eccho to the skies;
Sad Matrons wandring through the ſpacious Rooms
Embrace and kiſs the Poſts: Then *Pyrrhus* comes
Full of his Father, neither Men nor Walls
His force ſuſtain, the torn Port-cullis falls,
Then from the hinge, their ſtrokes the Gates divorce,
And where the way they cannot find, they force:
Not with ſuch rage a Swelling Torrent flows

Above

Above his banks, th' oppoſing Dams o'rethrows,
Depopulates the Fields, the Cattel, Shee p,
Shepherds, and folds the foaming Surges ſweep.
And now between two ſad extreams I ſtood,
Here *Pyrrhus* and the *Atridæ* drunk with blood,
There th' hapleſs Queen amongſt an hundred Dames,
And *Priam* quenching from the wounds thoſe flames
Which his own hands had on his Altar laid:
Then they the ſecret Cabinets invade,
Where ſtood the Fifty Nuptial Beds, the hopes
Of that great Race, the Golden Poſts whoſe tops
Old hoſtile ſpoils adorn'd, demoliſht lay,
Or to the Foe, or to the fire a Prey.
Now *Priams* fate perhaps you may enquire,
Seeing his Empire loſt, his *Troy* on fire,
And his own Palace by the Greeks poſſeſt,
Arms long diſus'd, his trembling limbs inveſt;

Thus

Thus on his foes he throws himſelf alone,
Not for their Fate, but to provoke his own:
There ſtood an Altar open to the view
Of Heaven, near which an aged Laurel grew,
Whoſe ſhady arms the houſhold Gods embrac'd;
Before whoſe feet the Queen her ſelf had caſt,
With all her daughters, and the Trojan wives,
As Doves whom an approaching tempeſt drives
And frights into one flock; But having ſpy'd
Old *Priam* clad in youthful Arms, ſhe cry'd,
Alas my wretched Husband, what pretence
To bear thoſe Arms, and in them what defence?
Such aid ſuch times require not, when again
If *Hector* were alive, he liv'd in vain;
Or here We ſhall a Sanctuary find,
Or as in life, we ſhall in death be joyn'd.
Then weeping, with kind force held & embrac'd
And on the ſacred ſeat the King ſhe plac'd;

Mean

Mean while *Polites* one of *Priam*'s ſons
Flying the rage of bloudy *Pyrrhus*, runs
Through foes and ſwords, & ranges all the Court
And empty Galleries, amaz'd and hurt,
Pyrrhus purſues him, now o'retakes, now kills,
And his laſt bloud in *Priams* preſence ſpills.
The King (though him ſo many deaths incloſe)
Nor fear, nor grief, but Indignation ſhows;
The Gods requite thee (if within the care
Of thoſe above th' affairs of mortals are)
Whoſe fury on the ſon but loſt had been,
Had not his Parents Eyes his murder ſeen:
Not That *Achilles* (whom thou feign'ſt to be
Thy Father) ſo inhumane was to me;
He bluſht, when I the rights of Arms implor'd;
To me my *Hector*, me to *Troy* reſtor'd:
This ſaid, his feeble Arm a Javelin flung,
Which on the ſounding ſhield, ſcarce entring,
rung.

Then *Pyrrhus*; go a meſſenger to Hell
Of my black deeds, and to my Father tell
The acts of his degenerate Race. So through
His Sons warm bloud, the trembling King he drew
To th' Altar; in his hair one hand he wreaths:
His ſword, the other in his boſom ſheaths.
Thus fell the King, who yet ſurviv'd the State,
With ſuch a ſignal and peculiar Fate.
Under ſo vaſt a ruine not a Grave,
Nor in ſuch flames a funeral fire to have:
He, whom ſuch Titles ſwell d, ſuch Power made proud
To whom the Scepters of all *Aſia* bow'd,
On the cold earth lies th' unregarded King,
A headleſs Carkaſs, and a nameleſs Thing.

FINIS.

On the Earl of Strafford's *Tryal and Death.*

GReat *strafford!* worthy of that Name, though all
Of thee could be forgotten, but thy fall,
Cruſht by Imaginary Treaſons weight,
Which too much Merit did accumulate:
As Chymiſts Gold from Braſs by fire would draw,
Pretexts are into Treaſon forg'd by Law.
His Wiſdom ſuch, at once it did appear
Three Kingdoms wonder, and three Kingdoms fear;
Whilſt ſingle he ſtood forth, and ſeem'd, although
Each had an Army, as an equal Foe.

Such was his force of Eloquence, to make
The Hearers more concern'd than he that ſpake;
Each ſeem'd to act that part, he came to ſee,
And none was more a looker on than he;
So did he move our paſſion, ſome were known
To wiſh for the defence, the Crime their own.
Now private pity ſtrove with publick hate,
Reaſon with Rage, and Eloquence with Fate:
Now they could him, if he could them forgive;
He's not too guilty, but too wiſe to live;
Leſs ſeem thoſe Facts which Treaſons Nick-name (bore,
Than ſuch a fear'd ability for more.
They after death their fears of him expreſs,
His Innocence, and their own guilt confeſs.
Their Legiſlative Frenzy they repent;
Enacting it ſhould make no Preſident.
This Fate he could have ſcap'd, but would not (loſe.
Honour for Life, but rather nobly choſe
Death

Death from their fears, than ſafety from his own,
That his laſt Action all the reſt might crown.

On my Lord Croft's *and my Journey into* Poland, *from whence we brought* 10000 l. *for his Majeſty, by the Decimation of his Scotiſh Subjects there.*

1. Tole, tole,
Gentle Bell, for the ſoul
Of the pure ones in *Pole*,
Which are damned in our Scroul;

2. Who having felt a touch
Of *Cockram's* greedy Clutch,
Which though it was not much,
Yet their ſtubbornneſs was ſuch,

3. That when we did arrive,
'Gainſt the ſtream we did ſtrive;
They would neither lead nor drive:

4. Nor lend
An ear to a Friend,
Nor an anſwer would ſend
To our Letter ſo well penn'd.

5. Nor

5. Nor aſſiſt our affairs,
With their Monies nor their Wares,
As their anſwer now declares,
But only with their Prayers.

6. Thus they did perſiſt,
Did and ſaid what they liſt,
Till the Diet was diſmiſt;
But then our Breech they kiſt.

7. For when
It was mov'd there and then
They ſhould pay one in ten,
The Dyet ſaid Amen.

8. And becauſe they are loth
To diſcover the truth,
They muſt give Word and Oath,
Though they will forfeit both.

9. Thus the Conſtitution
Condemns them every one,
From the Father to the Son.

10. But *John*
(Our Friend) *Molleſſon*,
Thought us to have out-gone
With a quaint Invention.

11. Like the Prophets of yore,
He complain'd long before,
Of the miſchiefs in ſtore,
I, and thrice as much more.

12. And with that wicked Ly
A Letter they came by,
From our Kings Majeſty.

13. But Fate
Brought the Letter too late,
'Twas of ~~too old~~ a date,
To relieve their damned State.

14. The Letter's to be ſeen,
With ſeal of Wax ſo green,
At *Dantzige*, where t'as been
Turn'd into good Latin.

15. But he that gave the hint,
This Letter for to Print,
Muſt alſo pay his ſtint.

16. That trick,
Had it come in the Nick,
Had touch'd us to the quick,
But the Meſſenger fell ſick.

17. Had it later been wrought,
And ſooner been brought,
They had got what they ſought,
But now it ſerves for nought.

18. On *Sandys* they ran aground,
And our return was crown'd
With full ten thouſand pound.

Mr. *W.*

On Mr. *Tho. Killigrew's* Return from his Embaſſie from *Venice*, and Mr. *William Murry's* from *Scotland*.

1.

OUr Reſident *Tom*
From *Venice* is come,
And hath left the Stateſman behind him;
Talks at the ſame pitch,
Is as wiſe, is as rich,
And juſt where you left him, you find him.

2.

But who ſays he was not
A man of much Plot,

May repent that falſe Accuſation;
Having plotted and penn'd
Six plays to attend
The Farce of his Negotiation.

3.

Before you were told
How *Satan* the old Mr. *W. Murrey.*
Came here with a Beard to his middle;
Though he chang'd face and name,
Old *Will* was the ſame,
At the noiſe of a Can and a Fiddle.

4.

Theſe Stateſmen you believe
Send ſtraight for the Sheriff,
For he is one too, or would be;
But he drinks no Wine,
Which is a ſhrewd ſign
That all's not ſo well as it ſhould be.

5.

These three when they drink,
How little do they think
Of Banishment, Debts, or dying?
Not old with their years,
Nor cold with their fears;
But their angry Stars still defying.

6.

Mirth makes them not mad,
Nor Sobriety sad;
But of that they are seldom in danger:
At *Paris*, at *Rome*,
At the *Hague* they are at home;
The good Fellow is no where a stranger.

To

To Sir John Mennis *being invited from* Calice *to* Bologne *to eat a Pig.*

1.

ALL on a weeping *Monday*,
With a fat *Bulgarian* Sloven,
Little Admiral *John*
To *Bologne* is gone
Whom I think they call old *Loven*.

2.

Hadſt thou not thy fill of Carting
Will. Aubrey Count of *Oxon*!
When Noſe lay in Breech
And Breech made a Speech,
So often cry'd a Pox on?

We three riding in a Cart from *Dunkirk* to *Calice* with a fat Dutch Woman who broke wind all along.

3.

A Knight by Land and Water
Eſteem'd at ſuch a high rate,

When

When 'tis told in *Kent*,
In a Cart that he went,
They'll ſay now hang him Pirate.

4.

Thou might'ſt have ta'ne example,
From what thou read'ſt in ſtory;
Being as worthy to ſit
On an ambling Tit
As thy Predeceſſor *Dory*.

5.

But Oh! the roof of Linen,
Intended for a ſhelter!
But the Rain made an Aſs
Of Tilt of Canvas;
And the Snow which you know is a Melter.

6.

But with thee to inveigle
That tender ſtripling *Aſtcot*,

Who was ſoak'd to the skin,
Through Drugget ſo thin,
Having neither Coat, nor Waſtcoat.

7.

He being proudly mounted,
Clad in Cloak of *Plymouth*,
Defy'd Cart ſo baſe,
For Thief without Grace,
That goes to make a wry mouth.

8.

Nor did he like the Omen,
For fear it might be his doom,
One day for to ſing,
With Gullet in ſtring,
A Hymne of *Robert Wiſdom*.

9.

But what was all this buſineſs?
For ſure it was important:

For who rides i'th' wet,
When affairs are not great,
The neighbours make but a ſport on't.

10.

To a goodly fat Sow's Baby,
O *John*, thou hadſt a malice,
The old driver of Swine
That day ſure was thine,
Or thou hadſt not quitted *Calice*.

Natura Naturata.

WHat gives us that Fantaſtick Fit
That all our Judgment and our Wit
To vulgar cuſtom we ſubmit?

Treaſon, Theft, Murther, and all the reſt
Of that foul Legion we ſo deteſt,
Are in their proper names expreſt.

Why is it then thought ſin or ſhame,
Thoſe neceſſary parts to name,

From whence we went, and whence we came?

Nature, what e're ſhe wants, requires;
With Love enflaming our deſires,
Finds Engines fit to quench thoſe fires:

Death ſhe abhors; yet when men die,
We are preſent; but no ſtander by
Looks on when we that loſs ſupply:

Forbidden Wares ſell twice as dear;
Even Sack prohibited laſt year,
A moſt abominable rate did bear.

'Tis plain our eyes and ears are nice,
Only to raiſe by that device,
Of thoſe Commodities the price.

Thus Reaſon's ſhadows us betray,
By Tropes and Figures led aſtray,
From Nature, both her Guide and way.

From

Sarpedon's

Sarpedon's *Speech to* Glaucus *in the* 12th *of* Homer.

Thus to *Glaucus* ſpake

DIvine *Sarpedon*, ſince he did not find
Others as great in Place, as great in Mind.
Above the reſt, why is our Pomp, our Power?
Our flocks, our herds, and our poſſeſſions more?
Why all the Tributes Land and Sea affords
Heap'd in great Chargers, load our ſumptuous boards?
Our chearful Gueſts carowſe the ſparkling tears
Of the rich Grape, whilſt Muſick charms their ears.
Why as we paſs, do thoſe on *Xanthus* ſhore,
As Gods behold us, and as Gods adore?
But that as well in danger, as degree,
We ſtand the firſt; that when our *Lycians* ſee

Our

Our brave examples, they admiring ſay,
Behold our Gallant Leaders! Theſe are They
Deſerve the Greatneſs; and un-envied ſtand:
Since what they act, tranſcends what they command.
Could the declining of this Fate (oh friend)
Our Date to Immortality extend?
Or if Death ſought not them, who ſeek not Death,
Would I advance? Or ſhould my vainer breath
With ſuch a Glorious Folly thee inſpire?
But ſince with Fortune Nature doth conſpire,
Since Age, Diſeaſe, or ſome leſs noble End,
Though not leſs certain, doth our days attend;
Since 'tis decreed, and to this period lead,
A thouſand ways the nobleſt path we'll tread;
And bravely on, till they, or we, or all,
A common Sacrifice to honour fall.

Martial. Epigram.

Out of an Epigram of Martial.

PRithee die and ſet me free,
Or elſe be
Kind and briſk, and gay like me;
I pretend not to the wiſe ones,
To the grave, to the grave,
Or the preciſe ones.

'Tis not Cheeks, nor Lips nor Eyes,
That I prize,
Quick Conceits, or ſharp Replies,
If wiſe thou wilt appear, and knowing,
Repartie, Repartie,
To what I'm doing.

Prithee

Prithee why the Room ſo dark?
Not a Spark
Left to light me to the mark;
I love day-light and a candle,
And to ſee, and to ſee,
As well as handle.
Why ſo many Bolts and Locks,
Coats and Smocks,
And thoſe Drawers with a Pox?
I could wiſh, could Nature make it,
Nakedneſs, Nakedneſs
It ſelf were naked.
But if a Miſtreſs I muſt have,
Wiſe and grave,
Let her ſo her ſelf behave
All the day long *Suſan* Civil,
Pap by night, pap by night
Or ſuch a Devil.

Friendſhip and ſingle life againſt Love and Marriage.

1. LOve! in what poyſon is thy Dart
Dipt, when it makes a bleeding heart?
None know, but they who feel the ſmart.

2. It is not thou, but we are blind,
And our corporeal eyes (we find)
Dazle the Opticks of our Mind.

3. Love to our Cittadel reſorts,
Through thoſe deceitful Sally-ports,
Our Sentinels betray our Forts.

4. What ſubtle Witchcraft man conſtrains,
To change his Pleaſures into Pains,
And all his freedom into Chains?

5. May

5. May not a Priſon, or a Grave
Like Wedlock, Honour's title have?
That word makes Free-born man a Slave.

6. How happy he that loves not, lives!
Him neither Hope nor Fear deceives,
To Fortune who no Hoſtage gives.

7. How unconcern'd in things to come!
If here uneaſie, finds at *Rome*,
At *Paris*, or *Madrid* his Home.

8. Secure from low, and private Ends,
His Life, his Zeal, his Wealth attends
His Prince, his Country, and his Friends.

9. Danger, and Honour are his Joy;
But a fond Wife, or wanton Boy,
May all thoſe Generous Thoughts deſtroy.

10. Then

10. Then he lays by the publick Care,
Thinks of providing for an Heir;
Learns how to get, and how to ſpare.

11. Nor fire, nor foe, nor fate, nor night,
The Trojan Hero did affright,
Who bravely twice renew'd the fight.

12. Though ſtill his foes in number grew,
Thicker their Darts, and Arrows flew,
Yet left alone, no fear he knew.

13. But Death in all her forms appears,
From every thing he ſees and hears,
For whom he leads, and whom he bears.

His Father and Son.

14. Love making all things elſe his Foes,
Like a fierce Torrent overflows
Whatever doth his courſe oppoſe.

15. This was the cauſe the Poets ſung,
Thy Mother from the Sea was ſprung;
But they were mad to make thee young.

16. Her Father, not her Son, art thou:
From our deſires our actions grow;
And from the Cauſe the Effect muſt flow.

17. Love is as old as place or time;
'Twas he the fatal Tree did climb,
Grandſire of Father *Adam*'s crime.

18. Well mayſt thou keep this world in awe,
Religion, Wiſdom, Honour, Law,
The Tyrant in his triumph draw.

19. 'Tis he commands the Powers above;
Phœbus reſigns his Darts, and *Jove*
His Thunder to the God of Love.

20. To him doth his feign'd Mother yield,
Nor *Mars* (her Champions) flaming ſhield
Guards him, when *Cupid* takes the Field.

21. He clips hopes wings, whoſe aery bliſs
Much higher than fruition is;
But leſs than nothing, if it miſs.

22. When matches Love alone projects,
The Cauſe tranſcending the Effects,
That wild-fire's quencht in cold neglects.

23. Whilſt thoſe Conjunctions prove the beſt,
Where Love's of blindneſs diſpoſſeſt,
By perſpectives of Intereſt.

24. Though *Solomon* with a thouſand Wives,
To get a wiſe Succeſſor ſtrives,
But one (and he a Fool) ſurvives.

25. Old *Rome* of Children took no care,
They with their Friends their beds did ſhare,
Secure, t' adopt a hopeful Heir.

26. Love drowſie days, and ſtormy nights
Makes, and breaks Friendſhip, whoſe delights
Feed, but not glut our Appetites.

27. Well choſen Friendſhip, the moſt noble
Of Vertues, all our joys makes double,
And into halves divides our trouble.

28. But when the unlucky knot we tye,
Care, Avarice, Fear, and Jealouſie
Make friendſhip languiſh till it dye.

29. The Wolf, the Lyon, and the Bear,
When they their prey in pieces tear,
To quarrel with themſelves forbear.

30. Yet

30. Yet timorous Deer, and harmleſs Sheep
When Love into their veins doth creep,
That law of Nature ceaſe to keep.

31. Who then can blame the Amorous Boy,
Who the fair *Helen* to enjoy,
To quench his own, ſet fire on *Troy*?

32. Such is the worlds prepoſterous fate,
Amongſt all Creatures, mortal hate
Love (though immortal) doth Create.

33. But Love may Beaſts excuſe, for they
Their actions not by Reaſon ſway,
But their brute appetites obey.

34. But Man's that Savage Beaſt; whoſe mind
From Reaſon to ſelf-Love declin'd,
Delights to prey upon his Kind.

ON

Mr. ABRAHAM COWLEY

His Death and Burial amongſt the Ancient Poets.

OLd *Chaucer*, like the morning Star,
To us diſcovers day from far,
His light thoſe Miſts and Clouds diſſolv'd,
Which our dark Nation long involv'd;
But he deſcending to the ſhades,
Darkneſs again the Age invades.
Next (like *Aurora*) *Spencer* roſe,
Whoſe purple bluſh the day foreſhews;
The other three, with his own fires,
Phœbus, the Poets God, inſpires;
By *Shakeſpear*'s, *Johnſon*'s, *Fletcher*'s lines,
Our Stages luſtre *Rome*'s outſhines:

These Poets near our Princes sleep,
And in one Grave their Mansion keep;
They liv'd to see so many days,
Till time had blasted all their Bays:
But cursed be the fatal hour
That pluckt the fairest, sweetest flower
That in the Muses Garden grew,
And amongst wither'd Laurels threw.
Time, which made them their Fame outlive,
To *Cowly* scarce did ripeness give.
Old Mother Wit, and Nature gave
Shakespear and *Fletcher* all they have;
In *Spencer*, and in *Johnson*, Art,
Of slower Nature got the start;
But both in him so equal are,
None knows which bears the happy'st share;
To him no Author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote was all his own;

He

He melted not the ancient Gold,
Nor with *Ben Johnſon* did make bold
To plunder all the *Roman* ſtores
Of Poets, and of Orators:
Horace his wit, and *Virgil*'s ſtate,
He did not ſteal, but emulate,
And when he would like them appear,
Their Garb, but not their Cloaths, did wear:
He not from *Rome* alone, but *Greece*,
Like *Jaſon* brought the Golden Fleece;
To him that Language (though to none
Of th' others) as his own was known.
On a ſtiff gale (as *Flaccus* ſings)
His Pindaricks.
The *Theban* Swan extends his wings,
When through th' ætherial Clouds he flies,
To the ſame pitch our Swan doth riſe;
Old *Pindar*'s flights by him are reacht,
When on that gale his wings are ſtretcht;

His fancy and his judgment ſuch,
Each to the other ſeem'd too much,
His ſevere judgment (giving Law)
His modeſt fancy kept in awe:
As rigid Husbands jealous are,
When they believe their Wives too fair.
His Engliſh ſtreams ſo pure did flow,
As all that ſaw, and taſted, know.
But for his Latin vein, ſo clear,
Strong, full, and high it doth appear, His laſt work.
That were immortal *Virgil* here,
Him, for his judge, he would not fear;
Of that great Portraicture, ſo true
A Copy Pencil never drew.
My Muſe her Song had ended here,
But both their Genii ſtrait appear,
Joy and amazement her did ſtrike,
Two Twins ſhe never ſaw ſo like.

'Twas

'Twas taught by wiſe *Pythagoras*,
One Soul might through more Bodies paſs;
Seeing ſuch Tranſmigration there.
She thought it not a Fable there.
Such a reſemblance of all parts,
Life, Death, Age, Fortune, Nature, Arts,
Then lights her Torch at theirs, to tell,
And ſhew the world this Parallel,
Fixt and contemplative their looks,
His laſt work. Still turning over Natures Books:
Their works chaſt, moral, and divine,
Where profit and delight combine;
They guilding dirt, in noble verſe
Ruſtick Philoſophy reherſe;
When Heroes, Gods, or God-like Kings
They praiſe, on their exalted wings,
To the Celeſtial orbs they climb,
And with the Harmonious Spheres keep time;

'Twas Nor

Nor did their actions fall behind
Their words, but with like candour ſhin'd,
Each drew fair Characters, yet none
Of theſe they feign'd, excels their own;
Both by two generous Princes lov'd,
Who knew, and judg'd what they approv'd:
Yet having each the ſame deſire,
Both from the buſie throng retire,
Their Bodies to their Minds reſign'd,
Car'd not to propagate their Kind:
Yet though both fell before their hour,
Time on their off-ſpring hath no power,
Nor fire, nor fate their Bays ſhall blaſt,
Nor Death's dark vail their day o'recaſt.

A Speech againſt Peace *at the cloſe Committee.*

To the Tune of, *I went from* England.

BUT will you now to Peace incline,
And languiſh in the main deſign,
And leave us in the lurch?
I would not Monarchy deſtroy,
But as the only way to enjoy
The ruine of the Church.

Is not the Biſhops Bill deny'd,
And we ſtill threatned to be try'd?
You ſee the King embraces
Thoſe Councils he approv'd before:
Nor doth he promiſe, which is more,
That we ſhall have their Places.

Did I for this bring in the *Scot*?
(For 'tis no Secret now) the Plot
Was *Sayes* and mine together:
Did I for this return again,
And ſpend a Winter there in vain,
Once more to invite them hither?

Though more our Money than our Cauſe
Their Brotherly aſſiſtance draws,
My labour was not loſt.
At my return I brought you thence
Neceſſity, their ſtrong Pretence,
And theſe ſhall quit the coſt.

Did I for this my County bring
To help their Knight againſt their King,
And raiſe the firſt Sedition?
Though I the buſineſs did decline,
Yet I contriv'd the whole Deſign,
And ſent them their Petition.

So many nights ſpent in the City
In that inviſible Committee;
The Wheel that governs all.
From thence the Change in Church and State,
And all the Miſchiefs bear the date
From *Haberdaſhers* Hall.

Did we force *Ireland* to deſpair,
Upon the King to caſt the War,
To make the world abhor him:
Becauſe the Rebels us'd his Name,
Though we our ſelves can do the ſame,
While both alike were for him?

Then the ſame fire we kindled here
With that was given to quench it there,
And wiſely loſt that Nation:
To do as crafty Beggars uſe,
To maim themſelves thereby to abuſe
The ſimple mans compaſſion.

Have I ſo often paſt between
Windſor and *Weſtminſter*,
And did my ſelf divide:
To keep his Excellence in awe,
And give the Parliament the Law,
For they knew none beſide?

Did I for this take pains to teach
Our zealous Ignorants to Preach,
And did their Lungs inſpire,
Gave them their Texts, ſhew'd them their Parts,
And taught them all their little Arts,
To fling abroad the Fire?

Sometimes to beg, ſometimes to threaten,
And ſay the Cavaliers are beaten,
To ſtroke the Peoples ears;
Then ſtreight when Victory grows cheap,
And will no more advance the heap,
To raiſe the price of Fears.

And now the Books, and now the Bells,
And now our Act the Preacher tells,
To edifie the People;
All our Divinity is News,
And we have made of equal uſe
The Pulpit and the Steeple.

And ſhall we kindle all this Flame
Only to put it out again,
And muſt we now give o're,
And only end where we begun?
In vain this Miſchief we have done,
If we can do no more.

If men in Peace can have their right,
Where's the neceſſity to fight,
That breaks both Law, the Oath?
They'l ſay they fight not for the Cauſe,
Nor to defend the King and Laws,
But as againſt them both.

Either the cauſe at firſt was ill,
Or being good it is ſo ſtill;
And thence they will infer,
That either now, or at the firſt
They were deceiv'd; or which is worſt,
That we our ſelves may erre.

But Plague and Famine will come in,
For they and we are near of kin,
And cannot go aſunder:
But while the wicked ſtarve, indeed
The Saints have ready at their need
Gods Providence and Plunder.

Princes we are if we prevail,
And Gallant Villains if we fail,
When to our Fame 'tis told;
It will not be our leaſt of praiſe,
Sin' a new State we could not raiſe,
To have deſtroy'd the old.

Then

Then let us ſtay and fight, and vote,
Till *London* is not worth a Groat;
Oh 'tis a patient Beaſt!
When we have gall'd and tyr'd the Mule,
And can no longer have the rule,
We'll have the ſpoil at leaſt.

To the Five Members of the Honourable Houſe of Commons.

The Humble Petition of the POETS.

AFter ſo many Concurring Petitions
From all Ages and Sexes, and all conditions,
We come in the rear to preſent our Follies
To *Pym*, *Stroude*, *Haſlerig*, *H.* and *H.*
Though ſet form of *Prayer* be an *Abomination*,
Set forms of *Petitions* find great Approbation:

Then

Therefore, as others from th' bottom of their ſouls,

So we from the depth and bottom of our *Bowls*,

According unto the bleſſed form you have taught us,

We thank you firſt for the *Ills* you have brought us,

For the *Good* we receive we thank him that gave it,

And you for the Confidence only to crave it.

Next in courſe, we complain of the great *violation*

Of *Priviledge* (like the reſt of our Nation)

But 'tis none of yours of which we have ſpoken

Which never had being, until they were broken:

But ours is a *Priviledge* Antient and Native,

Hangs not on an *Ordinance*, or power *Legiſlative*.

And firſt, 'tis to ſpeak whatever we pleaſe

Without fear of a *Priſon* or *Purſuivants* fees.

Next, that we only may *lye* by Authority,

But

But in that alſo you have got the Priority.

Next, an old Cuſtom, our Fathers did name it

Poetical licenſe, and alwaies did claim it.

By this we have power to change Age into Youth,

Turn *Non-ſence* to Sence, and Falſhood to Truth;

In brief, to make good whatſoever is faulty,

This art ſome *Poet*, or the *Devil* has taught ye:

And this our Property you have invaded,

And a *Priviledge* of both Houſes have made it:

But that truſt above all in Poets repoſed,

That *Kings* by them only are made and Depoſed,

This though you cannot do, yet you are willing;

But when we undertake Depoſing or Killing,

They're *Tyrants* and *Monſters*, and yet then the Poet

Takes full Revenge on the Villains that do it:

And when we reſume a *Scepter* or a *Crown*,

We are Modeſt, and ſeek not to make it our own.

But is't not preſumption to write Verſes to you,

Who make the better *Poems* of the two?

For all thoſe pretty Knacks you compoſe,

Alas, what are they but *Poems* in Proſe?

And between thoſe and ours there's no difference,

But that yours want the rhime, the wit and the ſenſe:

But for lying (the moſt noble part of a *Poet*)

You have it abundantly, and your ſelves know it,

And though you are modeſt, and ſeem to abhor it,

'T has done you good ſervice, and thank *Hell* for it:

Although the old Maxime remains ſtill in force,

That a Sanctified Cauſe, muſt have a Sanctified Courſe.

If poverty be a part of our Trade,
So far the whole Kingdom *Poets* you have made,
Nay even ſo far as undoing will do it,
You have made *King Charles* himſelf a Poet:
But provoke not his Muſe, for all the world knows,
Already you have had too much of his *Proſe*.

A Weſtern Wonder.

DO you not know, not a fortnight ago,
How they brag'd of a Weſtern wonder?
When a hundred and ten, ſlew five thouſand men,
With the help of Lightning and Thunder.
There *Hopton* was ſlain, again and again,
Or elſe my Author did lye;
With a new *Thanksgiving*, for the Dead who are living,
To God, and his Servant *Chidleigh*.

But now on which ſide was this Miracle try'd,
I hope we at laſt are even;
For Sir *Ralph* and his Knaves, are riſen from their Graves,
To Cudgel the Clowns of *Devon*.

And there *Stamford* came, for his Honour was lame
Of the Gout three months together;
But it prov'd when they fought, but a running Gout,
For his heels were lighter then ever.

For now he out-runs his Arms and his Guns,
And leaves all his money behind him.
But they follow after, unleſs he take water
At *Plymouth* again, they will find him.

What *Reading* hath coſt, and *Stamford* hath loſt,
Goes deep in the Sequeſtrations;

These wounds will not heal, with your new
Great Seal,

Nor *Jepsons* Declarations.

Now *Peters*, and *Case*, in your Prayer and Grace

Remember the new *Thanksgiving*;

Isaac and his Wife, now dig for your life,

Or shortly, you'l dig for your living.

A Second Western Wonder.

YOu heard of that wonder, of the *Lightning* and *Thunder*,

Which made the lye so much the louder:

Now list to another, that Miracles Brother,

Which was done with a *Firkin of Powder.*

Oh what a damp, it struck through the Camp!

But as for honest Sir *Ralph*,

It blew him to the *Vies*, without beard, or eyes,

But at least three heads and a half.

When out came the book, which the *News-Monger* took
From the *Preaching Ladies* Letter,

Where in the first place, stood the *Conquerours* face,
Which made it shew much the better.

But now without lying, you may paint him flying,
At *Bristol* they say you may find him,
Great *William* the *Con* so fast he did run,
That he left half his name behind him.

And now came the Post, saves all that was lost,
But alas, we are past deceiving,
By a trick so stale, or else such a tale
Might amount to a new *Thanksgiving*.

This made Mr. *Case*, with a pitiful face,
In the Pulpit to fall a weeping,

Though

Though his mouth utter'd *lyes*, *truth* fell from his eyes,

Which kept the Lord *Maior* from ſleeping.

Now ſhut up ſhops, and ſpend your laſt drops,

For the Laws nor your Cauſe, you that loath 'um,

Leſt *Eſſex* ſhould ſtart, and play the *Second part*,

Of *Worſhipful* Sir *John Hotham*.

News from Colcheſter.

Or, A Proper new Ballad of certain Carnal paſſages betwixt a Quaker *and a* Colt, *at* Horſly *near* Colcheſter *in* Eſſex.

To the Tune of, Tom of Bedlam.

I.

ALL in the Land of *Eſſex*,

Near *Colcheſter* the Zealous,

On

On the ſide of a bank,
Was play'd ſuch a Prank,
As would make a Stone-horſe jealous.

2.

Help *Woodcock*, *Fox* and *Nailor*,
For Brother *Green*'s a Stallion,
Now alas what hope
Of converting the Pope,
When a Quaker turns *Italian*?

3.

Even to our whole profeſſion
A ſcandal 'twill be counted,
When 'tis talkt with diſdain
Amongſt the Profane,
How Brother *Green* was mounted.

4.

And in the Good time of Chriſtmas,
Which though our Saints have damn'd all,

Yet when did they hear
That a damn'd Cavalier
Ere play'd ſuch a Chriſtmas gambal?

5.

Had thy fleſh, O *Green*, been pamper'd
With any Cates unhallow'd,
Hadſt thou ſweetned thy Gums,
With Pottage of Plums,
Or prophane minc'd Pie hadſt ſwallow'd,

6.

Roll'd up in wanton Swine's-fleſh,
The Fiend might have crept into thee;
Then fullneſs of gut
Might have caus'd thee to rut,
And the Devil have ſo rid through thee.

7.

But alas he had been feaſted
With a Spiritual Collation,

By our frugal Mayor,
Who can dine on a Prayer,
And ſup on an Exhortation.

8.

'Twas meer impulſe of Spirit,
Though he us'd the weapon carnal:
Filly Foal, quoth he,
My Bride thou ſhalt be:
And how this is lawful, learn all.

9.

For if no reſpect of Perſons
Be due 'mongſt Sons of *Adam*,
In a large extent,
Thereby may be meant
That a *Mare*'s as good as a *Madam*.

10.

Then without more Ceremony,
Not Bonnet vail'd, nor kiſt her,

But took her by force,
For better for worse,
And us'd her like a Sister.

11.

Now when in such a Saddle
A Saint will needs be riding,
Though we dare not say
'Tis a falling away,
May there not be some back-sliding?

12.

No surely, quoth *James Naylor*,
'Twas but an insurrection
Of the Carnal part,
For a Quaker in heart
Can never lose perfection.

13.

For (as our Masters teach us) *The Jesuites.*
The intent being well directed,

Though the Devil trepan
The Adamical man,
The Saint ſtands un-infected.

14.

But alas a Pagan Jury
Ne're judges what's intended,
Then ſay what we can,
Brother *Green*'s outward man
I fear will be ſuſpended.

15.

And our Adopted Siſter
Will find no better quarter,
But when him we inroul
For a Saint, Filly Foal
Shall paſs her ſelf for a Martyr.

16.

Rome that Spiritual *Sodom*
No longer is thy debter,

O *Colcheſter*, now
Who's *Sodom* but thou,
Even according to the Letter?

A SONG.

Morpheus the humble God, that dwells
In cottages and ſmoaky cells,
Hates gilded roofs and beds of down;
And though he fears no Princes frown,
Flies from the circle of a Crown.

Come, I ſay, thou powerful God,
And thy Leaden charming Rod,
Dipt in the Læthean Lake,
O're his wakeful temples ſhake,
Leſt he ſhould ſleep and never wake.

Nature (alas) why art thou ſo
Obliged to thy greateſt Foe ?
Sleep that is thy beſt repaſt,
Yet of death it bears a taſte,
And both are the ſame thing at laſt.

On Mr. John Fletchers *Works*.

SO ſhall we joy, when all whom Beaſts and Worms
Had turn'd to their own ſubſtances and forms,
Whom Earth to Earth, or Fire hath chang'd to Fire,
We ſhall behold more then at firſt entire;
As now we do, to ſee all thine thy own
In this thy Muſes Reſurrection,
Whoſe ſcatter'd parts, from thy own race, more wounds
Hath ſuffer'd, then *Acteon* from his Hounds;

Which

Which first their Brains, and then their Belly fed,
And from their excrements new Poets bred.
But now thy Muse enraged from her Urn
Like Ghosts of Murdered bodies does return
T' accuse the Murderers, to right the Stage
And undeceive the long abused Age,
Which casts thy praise on them, to whom thy wit
Gives not more Gold then they give dross to it:
Who not content like Felons to Purloyn,
Adde Treason to it, and debase thy Coyn.
But whither am I straid? I need not raise
Trophies to thee from other mens dispraise;
Nor is thy Fame on lesser ruines built,
Nor needs thy juster Title the foul guilt
Of Eastern Kings, who to secure their reign,
Must have their Brothers, Sons, and Kindred slain.

Then was wits Empire at the Fatal height,
When labouring and ſinking with its weight,
From thence a Thouſand leſſer Poets ſprung
Like petty Princes from the fall of *Rome*;
When *Johnſon*, *Shakeſpear*, and thy ſelf did ſit,
And ſway'd in the triumvirate of wit---
Yet what from *Johnſon*'s oyl and ſweat did flow,
Or what more eaſie Nature did beſtow
On *Shakeſpear*'s gentler Muſe, in thee full grown
Their graces both appear, yet ſo, that none
Can ſay here Nature ends, and Art begins,
But mixt like th' Elements and born like twins,
So interweav'd, ſo like, ſo much the ſame,
None, this meer Nature, that meer Art can name:
'Twas this the Antients mean't; Nature and Skill
Are the two tops of their *Parnaſſus* Hill.

To

To Sir Richard Fanſhaw *upon his Tranſlation of* Paſtor Fido.

SUch is our Pride, our Folly, or our Fate,
That few but ſuch as cannot write, Tranſlate.
But what in them is want of Art or voice,
In thee is either Modeſty or Choice.
Whiles this great piece, reſtor'd by thee doth ſtand
Free from the blemiſh of an Artleſs hand.
Secure of Fame, thou juſtly doſt eſteem
Leſs honour to create, than to redeem.
Nor ought a Genius leſs than his that writ,
Attempt Tranſlation; for tranſplanted wit,
All the defects of air and ſoil doth ſhare,
And colder brains like colder Climates are:

In vain they toil, ſince nothing can beget
A vital ſpirit, but a vital heat.
That ſervile path thou nobly doſt decline
Of tracing word by word, and line by line.
Thoſe are the labour'd births of ſlaviſh brains,
Not the effects of Poetry, but pains;
Cheap vulgar arts, whoſe narrowneſs affords
No flight for thoughts, but poorly ſticks at words.
A new and nobler way thou doſt purſue
To make Tranſlations and Tranſlators too.
They but preſerve the Aſhes, thou the flame,
True to his ſenſe, but truer to his fame.
Foording his current, where thou find'ſt it low
Let'ſt in thine own to make it riſe and flow;
Wiſely reſtoring whatſoever grace
It loſt by change of Times, or Tongues, or Place.
Nor fetter'd to his Numbers, and his Times,

Betray'ſt his Muſick to unhappy Rimes,
Nor are the nerves of his compacted ſtrength
Stretch'd and diſſolv'd into unſinnewed length:
Yet after all, (leſt we ſhould think it thine)
Thy ſpirit to his circle doſt confine.
New names, new dreſſings, and the modern caſt,
Some Scenes, ſome perſons alter'd, had out-fac'd
The world, it were thy work; for we have known
Some thank't and prais'd for what was leſs their own.
That Maſters hand which to the life can trace
The airs, the lines, and features of a face,
May with a free and bolder ſtroke expreſs
A varied poſture, or a flatt'ring Dreſs;
He could have made thoſe like, who made the reſt,
But that he knew his own deſign was beſt.

A Dialogue between Sir John Pooley *and Mr.* Thomas Killigrew.

P. TO thee dear *Thom.* my ſelf addreſſing,
Moſt queremonioufly confeſſing,
That I of late have been compreſſing.

Deſtitute of my wonted Gravity,
I perpetrated Arts of Pravity,
In a contagious Concavity.

Making efforts with all my Puiſſance,
For ſome Venereal Reiouiſſance,
I got (as one may ſay) a nuyſance.

K. Come leave this fooling Couſin *Pooley*,
And in plain Engliſh tell us truly
Why under th' eyes you look ſo blewly?

'Tis

'Tis not your hard words will avail you,
Your Latin and your Greek will fail you,
Till you ſpeak plainly what doth ail you.

When young, you led a life Monaſtick,
And wore a Veſt Eccleſiaſtick;
Now in your Age you grow Fantaſtick.

P. Without more Preface or Formality,
A Female of Malignant Quality
Set fire on Label of Mortality.

The Fæces of which Ulceration,
Brought o're the Helm a Diſtillation,
Through the Inſtrument of Propagation.

K. Then Couſin, (as I gueſs the matter)
You have been an old Fornicater,
And now are ſhot 'twixt wind and Water.

'Tis Your

Your ſtyle has ſuch an ill complexion,
That from your breath I fear infection,
That even your mouth needs an injection.

You that were once ſo œconomick,
Quitting the thrifty ſtyle Laconick.
Turn Prodigal in Makeronick.

Yet be of comfort I ſhall ſend a
Perſon of knowledge who can mend a
Diſaſter in your nether end-a---

Whether it *Pullen* be or *Shanker*,
Cordee and crooked like an Anchor,
Your cure too coſts you but a ſpanker.

Or though your Piſs be ſharp as Razor,
Do but confer with Dr. *Frazer*,
He'll make your Running Nag a Pacer.

Nor ſhall you need your Silver quick Sir,
Take *Mongo Murrey's Black Elixir*,
And in a week it Cures your P---- Sir.

But you that are a Man of Learning,
So read in *Virgil*, ſo diſcerning,
Methinks towards fifty ſhould take warning.

Once in a Pit you did miſcarry,
That danger might have made one wary;
This Pit is deeper then the Quarry.

Hunting near *Paris* he and his Horſe fell into a Quarry

P. Give me not ſuch diſconſolation,
Having now cur'd my Inflammation,
To Ulcerate my Reputation.

Or

Though

Though it may gain the Ladies favour,
Yet it may raiſe an evil ſavour
Upon all grave and ſtaid behaviour.

And I will rub my Mater Pia,
To find a Rhyme to Gonorrheia,
And put it in my Litania.

An Occaſional Imitation of a Modern Author upon the Game of Cheſs.

A Tablet ſtood of that abſterſive Tree,
Where *Æthiops* ſwarthy Bird did build her neſt,
Inlaid it was with *Lybian* Ivory,
Drawn from the Jaws of *Africks* prudent beaſt.

Two Kings like *Saul*, much Taller then the reſt,
Their equal Armies draw into the Field;
Till one take th' other Priſoner they conteſt;
Courage and Fortune muſt to Conduct yield.

This

This Game the *Perſian Magi* did invent,
The force of Eaſtern Wiſdom to expreſs;
From thence to buſie *Europæans* ſent,
And ſtyl'd by *Modern Lombards* penſive Cheſs.

Yet ſome that fled from *Troy* to *Rome* report,
Penthesilea Priam did oblige;
Her *Amazons*, his *Trojans* taught this ſport,
To paſs the tedious hours of ten years Siege.

There ſhe preſents her ſelf, whilſt King and Peers
Look gravely on whilſt fierce *Bellona* fights;
Yet Maiden modeſty her motions ſteers,
Nor rudely skips o're *Biſhops* heads like *Knights*.

The Paſſion of Dido *for* Æneas.

HAving at large declar'd *Joves* Ambaſſy,
Cyllenius from *Æneas* ſtraight doth flye; Mercury.
He loth to diſobey the Gods command,
Nor willing to forſake this pleaſant Land,
Aſham'd the kind *Eliza* to deceive,
But more afraid to take a ſolemn leave;
He many ways his labouring thoughts revolves,
But fear o're-coming ſhame, at laſt reſolves
(Inſtructed by the God of Thieves) to ſteal Mercury.
Himſelf away, and his eſcape conceal.
He calls his Captains, bids them Rigg the Fleet,
That at the Port they privately ſhould meet;
And ſome diſſembled colour to project,
That *Dido* ſhould not their deſign ſuſpect;
But all in vain he did his Plot diſguiſe:
No Art a watchful Lover can ſurprize.

She

She the first motion finds; Love though most
sure,
Yet always to it self seems unsecure;
That wicked Fame which their first Love pro-
claim'd,
Fore-tells the end; The Queen with rage in-
flam'd
Thus greets him, thou dissembler would'st thou
flye
Out of my arms by stealth perfidiously?
Could not the hand I plighted, nor the Love,
Nor thee the Fate of dying *Dido* move?
And in the depth of Winter in the night,
Dark as thy black designs to take thy flight,
To plow the raging Seas to Coasts unknown,
The Kingdom thou pretend'st to not thine own;
Were *Troy* restor'd, thou shouldst mistrust a
wind
False as thy Vows, and as thy heart unkind.

Fly'ſt thou from me? by theſe dear drops of
brine
I thee adjure, by that right hand of thine,
By our Eſpouſals, by our Marriage-bed,
If all my kindneſs ought have merited;
If ever I ſtood fair in thy eſteem,
From ruine, me, and my loſt houſe redeem.
Cannot my Prayers a free acceptance find?
Nor my Tears ſoften an obdurate mind?
My Fame of Chaſtity, by which the Skies
I reacht before, by thee extinguiſht dies;
Into my borders now *Iarbas* falls,
And my revengeful Brother ſcales my walls;
The wild *Numidians* will advantage take,
For thee both *Tyre* and *Carthage* me forſake.
Hadſt thou before thy flight but left with me
A young *Æneas* who reſembling thee,

Might

Might in my ſight have ſported, I had then
Not wholly loſt, nor quite deſerted been;
By thee no more my Husband, but my Gueſt,
Betray'd to miſchiefs, of which death's the leaſt.
With fixed looks he ſtands, and in his Breaſt
By *Joves* command his ſtruggling care ſuppreſt;
Great Queen, your favours and deſerts ſo great,
Though numberleſs, I never ſhall forget,
No time, until my ſelf I have forgot;
Out of my heart *Eliza*'s name ſhall blot:
But my unwilling flight the Gods inforce,
And that muſt juſtifie our ſad Divorce;
Since I muſt you forſake, would Fate permit,
To my deſires I might my fortune fit;
Troy to her Ancient Splendour I would raiſe,
And where I firſt began, would end my days;

But ſince the *Lycian* Lotts, and *Delphick* God
Have deſtin'd *Italy* for our abode;
Since you proud *Carthage* (fled from *Tyre*) enjoy,
Why ſhould not *Latium* us receive from *Troy*?
As for my Son, my Fathers angry Ghoſt,
Tells me his hopes by my delays are croſt,
And mighty *Joves* Embaſſadour appear'd
With the ſame meſſage, whom I ſaw and heard;
We both are griev'd when you or I complain,
But much the more when all complaints are vain;
I call to witneſs all the Gods and thy
Beloved head, the Coaſt of *Italy*
Againſt my will I ſeek.
Whilſt thus he ſpeaks, ſhe rowls her ſparkling eyes,
Surveys him round, and thus incens'd replies;

Thy

Thy Mother was no Goddeſs, nor thy ſtock
From *Dardanus*, but in ſome horrid rock,
Perfidious wretch, rough *Caucaſus* thee bred,
And with their Milk *Hircanian* Tygers fed.
Diſſimulation I ſhall now forget,
And my reſerves of rage in order ſet;
Could all my Prayers and ſoft Entreaties force
Sighs from his Breaſt, or from his look remorſe.
Where ſhall I firſt complain? can Mighty *Jove*
Or *Juno* ſuch Impieties approve?
The juſt *Aſtræa* ſure is fled to Hell.
Nor more in Earth, nor Heaven it ſelf will dwell.
Oh Faith! him on my Coaſts by Tempeſt caſt,
Receiving madly, on my Throne I plac'd;

His Men from Famine, and his Fleet from Fire
I reſcu'd: now the *Lycian Lotts* conſpire
With *Phœbus*; now *Joves Envoyé* through the Air
Brings diſmal tydings, as if ſuch low care
Could reach their thoughts, or their repoſe diſturb;
Thou art a falſe Impoſtor, and a Fourbe;
Go, go, purſue thy Kingdom through the Main,
I hope if Heaven her Juſtice ſtill retain,
Thou ſhalt be wrackt, or caſt upon ſome rock,
Where thou the name of *Dido* ſhalt invoke;
I'le follow thee in Funeral flames, when dead
My Ghoſt ſhall thee attend at Board and Bed,
And when the Gods on thee their vengeance ſhow,
That welcom news ſhall comfort me below.
This ſaying, from his hated ſight ſhe fled;

Con-

Conducted by her Damſels to her bed;
Yet reſtleſs ſhe aroſe, and looking out,
Beholds the Fleet, and hears the Seamen ſhout:
When great *Æneas* paſs'd before the Guard,
To make a view how all things were prepar'd.
Ah cruel Love! to what doſt thou inforce
Poor Mortal Breaſts? again ſhe hath recourſe
To Tears, and Prayers, again ſhe feels the ſmart
Of a freſh wound from his tyrannick Dart.
That ſhe no ways nor means may leave untry'd,
Thus to her Siſter ſhe her ſelf apply'd:
Dear Siſter, my reſentment hath not been
So moving, if this Fate I had fore-ſeen;
Therefore to me this laſt kind office do,
Thou haſt ſome intereſt in our ſcornful Foe,
He truſts to thee the Counſels of his mind,
Thou his ſoft hours, and free acceſs canſt find;

Tell him I ſent not to the *Ilian* Coaſt
My Fleet to aid the *Greeks*; his Fathers Ghoſt
I never did diſturb; ask him to lend
To this the laſt requeſt that I ſhall ſend,
A gentle Ear; I wiſh that he may find
A happy paſſage, and a proſp'rous wind.
That contract I not plead, which he betray'd,
Nor that his promis'd Conqueſt be delay'd;
All that I ask, is but a ſhort Reprieve,
Till I forget to love, and learn to grieve;
Some pauſe and reſpite only I require,
Till with my tears I ſhall have quencht my fire.
If thy addreſs can but obtain one day
Or two, my Death that ſervice ſhall repay.
Thus ſhe intreats; ſuch meſſages with tears
Condoling *Anne* to him, and from him bears;
But him no Prayers, no Arguments can move,
The Fates reſiſt, his Ears are ſtopt by *Jove*:

As

As when fierce Northern blasts from th' *Alpes* descend,
From his firm roots with strugling gusts to rend
An aged sturdy Oak, the ratling sound
Grows loud, with leafs and scatter'd arms the ground
Is over-laid; yet he stands fixt, as high
As his proud head is raised towards the Sky,
So low towards Hell his roots descend. With Pray'rs
And Tears the *Hero* thus assail'd, great cares
He smothers in his Breast, yet keeps his Post,
All their addresses and their labour lost.
Then she deceives her Sister with a smile,
Anne in the Inner Court erects a Pile;
Thereon his Arms and once lov'd Portraict lay,
Thither our fatal Marriage-bed convey;
All cursed Monuments of him with fire
We must abolish (so the Gods require)

She gives her credit, for no worſe effect
Then from *Sichæus* death ſhe did ſuſpect,
And her commands obeys.
Aurora now had left *Tithonus* bed,
And o're the world her bluſhing Raies did ſpread;
The Queen beheld as ſoon as day appear'd,
The Navy under Sail, the Haven clear'd;
Thrice with her hand her Naked Breaſt ſhe knocks,
And from her forehead tears her Golden Locks.
O *Jove*, ſhe cry'd, and ſhall he thus delude
Me and my Realm! why is he not purſu'd?
Arm, Arm, ſhe cry'd, and let our *Tyrians* board
With ours his Fleet, and carry Fire and Sword;
Leave nothing unattempted to deſtroy
That perjur'd Race, then let us dye with joy;
What if the event of War uncertain were,
Nor death, nor danger, can the deſperate fear?

But

But oh too late! this thing I ſhould have done,
When firſt I plac'd the Traytor on my Throne.
Behold the Faith of him who ſav'd from fire
His honour'd houſhold gods, his Aged Sire
His Pious ſhoulders from *Troy*'s Flames did bear;
Why did not I his Carcaſe piece-meal tear
And caſt it in the Sea? why not deſtroy
All his Companions and beloved Boy
Aſcanius? and his tender limbs have dreſt
And made the Father on the Son to Feaſt?
Thou Sun, whoſe luſtre all things here below
Surveys; and *Juno* conſcious of my woe;
Revengeful Furies, and Queen *Hecate*,
Receive and grant my prayer! if he the Sea
Muſt needs eſcape, and reach th' *Auſonian* land,
If *Jove* decree it, *Jove*'s decree muſt ſtand;

When landed, may he be with Arms oppreſt
By his rebelling people, be diſtreſt
By exile from his Country, be divorc'd
From young *Aſcanius* ſight, and be enforc'd
To implore Foreign aids, and loſe his Friends
By violent and undeſerved ends:
When to conditions of unequal Peace
He ſhall ſubmit, then may he not poſſeſs
Kingdom nor Life, and find his Funeral
I'th' Sands, when he before his day ſhall fall:
And ye oh *Tyrians* with immortal hate
Purſue this race, this ſervice dedicate
To my deplored aſhes; let there be
'Twixt us and them no League nor Amity.
May from my bones a new *Achilles* riſe,
That ſhall infeſt the *Trojan* Colonies

With

With Fire, and Sword, and Famine, when at length
Time to our great attempts contributes ſtrength;
Our Seas, our Shores, our Armies theirs oppoſe,
And may our Children be for ever Foes.
A ghaſtly paleneſs deaths approach portends,
Then trembling ſhe the fatal pile aſcends;
Viewing the *Trojan* relicks, ſhe unſheath'd;
Æneas Sword, not for that uſe bequeath'd:
Then on the guilty bed ſhe gently lays
Her ſelf, and ſoftly thus lamenting prays:
Dear Reliques whilſt that Gods and Fates give leave,
Free me from care, and my glad ſoul receive;
That date which fortune gave I now muſt end,
And to the ſhades a noble Ghoſt deſcend;
Sichæus blood by his falſe Brother ſpilt,
I have reveng'd, and a proud City built;

Happy, alas! too happy I had liv'd,
Had not the *Trojan* on my Coaſt arriv'd;
But ſhall I dye without revenge? yet dye
Thus, thus with joy to thy *Sichæus* flye.
My conſcious Foe my Funeral fire ſhall view
From Sea, and may that Omen him purſue.
Her fainting hand let fall the Sword beſmear'd
With blood, and then the mortal wound appear'd;
Through all the Court the fright and clamours riſe,
Which the whole City fills with fears and cries,
As loud as if her *Carthage*, or old *Tyre*
The Foe had entred, and had ſet on Fire:
Amazed *Anne* with ſpeed aſcends the ſtairs,
And in her arms her dying Siſter rears:
Did you for this, your ſelf, and me beguile
For ſuch an end did I erect this Pile?

Did

Did you ſo much deſpiſe me, in this Fate
My ſelf with you not to aſſociate?
Your ſelf and me, alas! this fatal wound
The Senate, and the People, doth confound.
I'le waſh her Wound with Tears, and at her Death,
My Lips from hers ſhall draw her parting Breath.
Then with her Veſt the Wound ſhe wipes and dries;
Thrice with her Arm the Queen attempts to riſe,
But her ſtrength failing, falls into a ſwound,
Life's laſt efforts yet ſtriving with her Wound;
Thrice on her Bed ſhe turns, with wandring ſight
Seeking, ſhe groans when ſhe beheld the light;
Then *Juno* pitying her diſaſtrous Fate,
Sends *Iris* down, her Pangs to Mitigate,

(Since if we fall before th' appointed day;
Nature and Death continue long their Fray)
Iris Deſcends; This Fatal lock (ſays ſhe)
To *Pluto* I bequeath, and ſet thee free,
Then clips her Hair, cold Numneſs ſtrait bereaves
Her Corps of ſenſe, and th' Ayr her Soul receives.

A Preface to the following Translation.

GOing this last Summer to visit the Wells, I took an occasion (by the way) to wait upon an Ancient and Honourable Friend of mine, whom I found diverting his (then solitary) retirement with the Latin Original of this Translation, which (being out of Print) I had never seen before: when I looked upon it, I saw that it had formerly passed through two Learned hands, not without approbation; which were Ben Johnson, and Sir Kenelme Digby; but I found it, (where I shall never find my self) in the service of a better Master, the Earl of Bristol, of whom I shall say no more; for I love not to improve the Honour of the Living, by impairing that of the Dead; and my own Profession hath taught me, not to erect new Superstructions upon an old Ruine. He was pleased to recommend it to me for my companion at the Wells, where I lik'd the entertainment it gave me so well, that I undertook to redeem it from an obsolete English disguise, wherein an old Monk had cloathed it, and to make as becoming a new Vest for it, as I could.

The Author was a Person of Quality in Italy, his name Mancini, which Family matched since with the Sister of Cardinal Mazarine; he was co-temporary to Petrarch, and Mantuan, and not long before Torquato Tasso; which shews, that the

Age they lived in, was not ſo unlearned, as that which preceded, or that which followed.

The Author writ upon the four Cardinal Vertues, but I have Tranſlated only the two firſt, not to turn the kindneſs I intended to him into an injury; for the two laſt are little more then repetitions and recitals of the firſt; and (to make a juſt excuſe for him) they could not well be otherwiſe, ſince the two laſt Vertues are but deſcendants from the firſt; Prudence being the true Mother of Temperance, and true Fortitude the Child of Juſtice.

OF

Of Prudence.

WIſdoms firſt Progreſs is to take a view
What's decent or undecent, falſe or true.
He's truly Prudent, who can ſeparate
Honeſt from Vile, and ſtill adhere to that;
Their difference to meaſure, and to reach,
Reaſon well rectify'd muſt Nature teach.
And theſe high Scrutinies are ſubjects fit
For Man's all-ſearching and enquiring wit;
That ſearch of Knowledge did from *Adam* flow;
Who wants it, yet abhors his wants to ſhow.
Wiſdom of what her ſelf approves, makes choice,
Nor is led Captive by the Common voice.
Clear-ſighted Reaſon Wiſdoms Judgment leads,
And Senſe, her Vaſſal, in her footſtoops treads.

That thou to Truth the perfect way may'ſt know,
To thee all her ſpecifick forms I'le ſhew;
He that the way to Honeſty will learn,
Firſt what's to be avoided muſt diſcern.
Thy ſelf from flattering ſelf-conceit defend,
Nor what thou doſt not know, to know pre-
tend.
Some ſecrets deep in abſtruſe Darkneſs lye;
To ſearch them, thou wilt need a piercing Eye.
Not raſhly therefore to ſuch things aſſent,
Which undeceiv'd, thou after may'ſt repent;
Study and Time in theſe muſt thee inſtruct,
And others old experience may conduct.
Wiſdom her ſelf her Ear doth often lend
To Counſel offer'd by a faithful Friend.
In equal Scales two doubtful matters lay,
Thou may'ſt chuſe ſafely that which moſt doth
weigh;

'Tis

'Tis not ſecure, this place, or that to guard,
If any other entrance ſtand unbarr'd;
He that eſcapes the Serpents Teeth, may fail
If he himſelf ſecure not from his Tayl.
Who ſaith, who could ſuch ill events expect?
With ſhame on his own Counſels doth reflect;
Moſt in the World doth ſelf-conceit deceive,
Who juſt and good, what e're they act, believe;
To their Wills wedded, to their Errors ſlaves,
No man (like them) they think himſelf behaves.
This ſtiff-neckt Pride, nor Art, nor Force, can bend,
Nor high-flown hopes to Reaſons Lure deſcend.
Fathers ſometimes their Childrens Faults regard
With Pleaſure, and their Crimes with gifts reward.
Ill Painters when they draw, and Poets write,
Virgil and *Titian*, (ſelf admiring) ſlight;

Then all they do, like Gold and Pearl appears,
And others actions are but Dirt to theirs;
They that so highly think themselves above
All other Men, themselves can only love;
Reason and Vertue, all that Man can boast
O're other Creatures, in those Brutes are lost.
Observe (if thee this Fatal Errour touch,
Thou to thy self contributing too much)
Those who are generous, humble, just, and wise,
Who nor their Gold, nor themselves Idolize;
To form thy self by their Example, learn,
(For many Eyes can more then one discern)
But yet beware of Councils when too full,
Number makes long disputes and graveness dull;
Though their advice be good, their Counsel wise,
Yet Length still loses Opportunities:

Debate

Debate deſtroys diſpatch; as Fruits we ſee
Rot, when they hang too long upon the Tree;
In vain that Husbandman his Seed doth ſow,
If he his Crop, not in due ſeaſon mow.
A General ſets his Army in Array
In vain, unleſs he Fight, and win the day.
'Tis Vertuous Action that muſt Praiſe bring forth,
Without which, ſlow advice is little worth.
Yet they who give good Counſel, Praiſe deſerve,
Though in the active part they cannot ſerve:
In action, Learned Counſellors their Age,
Profeſſion, or Diſeaſe, forbids t'ingage.
Nor to Philoſophers is praiſe deny'd,
Whoſe wiſe Inſtructions After-ages guide;
Yet vainly moſt their Age in ſtudy ſpend;
No end of writing Books, and to no end:

Beating their brains for ſtrange and hidden things,
Whoſe Knowledge, nor Delight, nor Profit brings;
Themſelves with doubts both day and night perplex,
Nor Gentle Reader pleaſe, or teach, but vex.
Books ſhould to one of theſe four ends conduce,
For Wiſdom, Piety, Delight, or Uſe.
What need we gaze upon the ſplanged Sky?
Or into Matters hidden Cauſes pry?
To deſcribe every City, Stream, or Hill
I'th' World, our fancy with vain Arts to fill?
What is't to hear a Sophiſter that pleads,
Who by the Ears the deceiv'd Audience leads?
If we were wiſe, theſe things we ſhould not mind,
But more delight in eaſie matters find.

Learn

Learn to live well, that thou may'ſt dye ſo too;
To live and dye is all we have to do:
The way (if no Digreſſion's made) is even,
And free acceſs, if we but ask, is given.
Then ſeek to know thoſe things which make us bleſt,
And having found them, lock them in thy Breſt;
Enquiring then the way, go on, nor ſlack,
But mend thy pace, nor think of going back.
Some their whole Age in theſe enquiries waſt,
And dye like Fools before one ſtep they paſt;
'Tis ſtrange to know the way, and not t'advance,
That knowledge is far worſe then Ignorance.
The Learned teach, but what they teach, not do;
And ſtanding ſtill themſelves, make others go.
In vain on Study, time away we throw,
When we forbear to act the things we know.

The Souldier that Philoſopher well blam'd,
Who long and loudly in the Schools declaim'd;
Tell (ſaid the Souldier) venerable Sir
Why all theſe Words, this Clamour, and this ſtir?
Why do diſputes in wrangling ſpend the day?
Whilſt one ſays only yea, and t' other nay.
Oh, ſaid the Doctor, we for Wiſdom toyl'd,
For which none toyls too much: the Souldier ſmil'd;
Y'are gray and old, and to ſome pious uſe
This maſs of Treaſure you ſhould now reduce:
But you your ſtore have hoarded in ſome bank,
For which th' Infernal Spirits ſhall you thank.
Let what thou learneſt be by practice ſhown,
'Tis ſaid that Wiſdoms Children make her known.
What's good doth open to th' enquirer ſtand,
And if it ſelf offers to th' accepting hand;

All

All things by Order and true Meaſures done,
Wiſdom will end, as well as ſhe begun.
Let early care thy main Concerns ſecure,
Things of leſs moment may delays endure:
Men do not for their Servants firſt prepare,
And of their Wives and Children quit the care;
Yet when we're ſick, the Doctor's fetch't in haſte,
Leaving our great concernment to the laſt.
When we are well, our hearts are only ſet
(Which way we care not) to be Rich, or Great;
What ſhall become of all that we have got;
We only know that us it follows not;
And what a trifle is a moments Breath,
Laid in the Scale with everlaſting Death?
What's Time, when on Eternity we think?
A thouſand Ages in that Sea muſt ſink;
Time's nothing but a word, a million
Is full as far from Infinite as one.

To whom thou much doſt owe, thou much muſt pay,

Think on the Debt againſt th' accompting-day;

God, who to thee, Reaſon and Knowledge lent,

Will ask how theſe two Talents have been ſpent.

Let not low Pleaſures thy high Reaſon blind,

He's mad, that ſeeks what no man e're could find.

Why ſhould we fondly pleaſe our Senſe, wherein

Beaſts us exceed nor feel the ſtings of ſin?

What thoughts Mans Reaſon better can become,

Then th' expectation of his welcom home?

Lords of the World have but for Life their Leaſe,

And that too, (if the Leſſor pleaſe) muſt ceaſe.

Death cancels Natures Bonds, but for our Deeds

(That Debt firſt paid) a ſtrict account ſucceeds;

If

If here not clear'd, no Surety-ſhip can Bail
Condemned Debtors from th' Eternal Gaol;
Chriſt's Blood's our Balſam, if that cure us here,
Him, when our Judge, we ſhall not find ſevere;
His yoke is eaſie, when by us embrac'd,
But loads and galls, if on our Necks 'tis caſt.
Be juſt in all thy actions, and if joyn'd
With thoſe that are not, never change thy mind;
If ought obſtruct thy courſe, yet ſtand not ſtill,
But wind about, till thou have topp'd the Hill;
To the ſame end Men ſeveral Paths may tread,
As many Doors into one Temple lead;
And the ſame hand into a fiſt may cloſe,
Which inſtantly a Palm expanded ſhows:
Juſtice and Faith never forſake the Wiſe,
Yet may occaſion put him in Diſguiſe;
Not turning like the wind, but if the ſtate
Of things muſt change, he is not obſtinate;

Things past, and future with the present weighs,
Nor credulous of what vain rumour says:
Few things by Wisdom are at first believ'd,
An easie Ear deceives, and is deceiv'd;
For many Truths have often past for Lies,
And Lies as often put on Truths Disguise:
As Flattery too oft like Friendship shows,
So them, who speak plain Truth we think our Foes.
No quick reply to dubious questions make,
Suspence and caution still prevent mistake.
When any great design thou dost intend,
Think on the means, the manner, and the end:
All great Concernments must delays endure;
Rashness and haste make all things unsecure;
And if uncertain thy Pretensions be,
Stay till fit time wear out uncertainty;
But if to unjust things thou dost pretend,
E're they begin let thy Pretensions end.

Let

Let thy Diſcourſe be ſuch, that thou may'ſt give
Profit to others, or from them receive:
Inſtruct the Ignorant, to thoſe that live
Under thy care, good rules and patterns give;
Nor is't the leaſt of Vertues, to relieve
Thoſe whom afflictions or oppreſſions grieve.
Commend but ſparingly whom thou doſt love;
But leſs condemn whom thou doſt not approve:
Thy Friend, like Flattery, too much Praiſe doth wrong,
And too ſharp cenſure ſhews an evil tongue:
But let inviolate Truth be always dear
To thee, even before Friendſhip, Truth prefer;
Then what thou mean'ſt to give, ſtill promiſe leſs;
Hold faſt the Power, thy Promiſe to increaſe:
Look forward what's to come, and back what's paſt,
Thy life will be with Praiſe and Prudence grac'd:

What loſs, or gain may follow thou may'ſt gueſs,
Thou then wilt be ſecure of the ſucceſs;
Yet be not always on affairs intent,
But let thy thoughts be eaſie, and unbent;
When our Minds Eyes are diſ-ingag'd and free,
They clearer, farther, and diſtinctly ſee;
They quicken ſloth, perplexities untye,
Make roughneſs ſmooth, and hardneſs mollifie;
And though our hands from labour are releaſt,
Yet our minds find (even when we ſleep) no reſt.
Search not to find how other Men offend,
But by that Glaſs thy own offences mend;
Still ſeek to learn, yet care not much from whom,
(So it be Learning) or from whence it come.
Of thy own actions, others judgments learn,
Often by ſmall, great matters we diſcern:

Youth,

Youth, what mans age is like to be doth ſhow;
We may our Ends by our Beginnings know.
Let none direct thee what to do or ſay,
Till thee thy Judgment of the Matter ſway;
Let not the pleaſing many, thee Delight,
Firſt judge, if thoſe whom thou doſt pleaſe, judge right.
Search not to find what lies too deeply hid,
Nor to know things, whoſe knowledge is forbid;
Nor climb on Pyramids, which thy head turns round
Standing, and whence no ſafe Deſcent is found:
In vain his Nerves, and Faculties he ſtrains
To riſe, whoſe raiſing unſecure remains:
They whom Deſert and Favour forwards thruſt,
Are wiſe, when they their meaſures can adjuſt.
When well at eaſe, and happy, live content,
And then conſider why that life was lent,

When Wealthy, ſhew thy Wiſdom not to be
To Wealth a Servant, but make Wealth ſerve thee.
Though all alone, yet nothing think or do,
Which nor a Witneſs, nor a Judge might know.
The higheſt Hill, is the moſt ſlippery place,
And Fortune mocks us with a ſmiling face;
And her unſteady hand hath often plac'd
Men in high Power, but ſeldom holds them faſt;
Againſt her then her forces Prudence joyns,
And to the Golden Mean her ſelf confines.
More in Proſperity is Reaſon toſt,
Then Ships in Storms, their Helms and Anchors loſt;
Before fair Gales not all our Sayls we bear,
But with ſide Winds into ſafe Harbors ſteer;
More Ships in Calms on a deceitful Coaſt,
Or unſeen Rocks, then in high Storms are loſt.

Who

Who casts out threats and frowns, no man deceives,

Time for resistance, and defence he gives;

But Flattery still in sugar'd words betrays,

And Poyson in high tasted Meats conveys;

So, Fortunes smiles unguarded Man surprize,

But when she frowns, he arms, and her defies.

Of Justice.

'TIS the first Sanction, Nature gave to Man,

Each other to assist in what they can;

Just or unjust, this Law for ever stands,

All things are good by Law which she commands;

The first step, Man towards Christ must justly live,

Whot' us himself, and all we have did give;

In vain doth man the name of Just expect,

If his Devotions he to God neglect;

So muſt we reverence God, as firſt to know
Juſtice from him, not from our ſelves doth flow;
God thoſe accepts who to Mankind are Friends,
Whoſe Juſtice far as their own Power extends;
In that they imitate the Power Divine,
The Sun alike on Good and Bad doth ſhine;
And he that doth no Good, although no ill,
Does not the office of the Juſt fulfil.
Virtue doth man to virtuous actions ſteer,
'Tis not enough that he ſhould Vice forbear;
We live not only for our ſelves to care,
Whilſt they that want it are deny'd their ſhare.
Wiſe *Plato* ſaid, the world with men was ſtor'd,
That ſuccour each to other might afford;
Nor are thoſe ſuccours to one ſort confin'd,
But ſeveral parts to ſeveral men conſign'd;
He that of his own ſtores no part can give,
May with his Counſel or his Hands relieve.

If Fortune make thee powerful, give Defence
'Gainſt Fraud, and Force, to naked Innocence:
And when our Juſtice doth her Tributes pay,
Method and Order muſt direct the way:
Firſt to our God we muſt with reverence bow,
The ſecond honour to our Prince we owe;
Next to Wives, Parents, Children, fit reſpect,
And to our Friends and Kindred we direct:
Then we muſt thoſe, who groan beneath the weight
Of Age, Diſeaſe, or Want, commiſerate:
'Mongſt thoſe whom honeſt Lives can recommend,
Our Juſtice more compaſſion ſhould extend;
To ſuch, who thee in ſome diſtreſs did aid,
Thy Debt of thanks with Intereſt ſhould be paid:
As *Heſiod* ſings, ſpread waters o're thy field,
And a moſt juſt and glad increaſe 'twill yield;

But yet take heed, leſt doing good to one,
Miſchief and wrong be to another done;
Such moderation with thy bounty joyn,
That thou may'ſt nothing give that is not thine;
That Liberality is but caſt away,
Which makes us borrow what we cannot pay:
And no acceſs to wealth let Rapine bring;
Do nothing that's not juſt, to be a King.
Juſtice muſt be from Violence exempt,
But Fraud's her only Object of Contempt.
Fraud in the Fox, Force in the Lyon dwells;
But Juſtice both from humane hearts expels;
But he's the greateſt Monſter (without doubt)
Who is a Wolf within, a Sheep without;
Nor only ill injurious actions are,
But evil words and ſlanders bear their ſhare.
Truth Juſtice loves, and Truth Injuſtice fears,
Truth above all things a Juſt man reveres:

Though

Though not by Oaths we God to witneſs call,
He ſees and hears, and ſtill remembers all;
And yet our atteſtations we may wreſt,
Sometimes to make the Truth more manifeſt;
If by a Lye a man preſerve his Faith,
He Pardon, Leave, and Abſolution hath;
Or if I break my Promiſe, which to thee
Would bring no good, but prejudice to me.
All things committed to thy truſt, conceal,
Nor what's forbid by any means reveal.
Expreſs thy ſelf in plain, not doubtful words,
That, ground for Quarrels or Diſputes affords:
Unleſs thou find occaſion, hold thy tongue,
Thy ſelf or others, careleſs talk may wrong.
When thou art called into publick Power,
And when a crowd of Suitors throng thy Door,
Be ſure no great Offenders 'ſcape their dooms,
Small praiſe from Lenity, and Remiſsneſs comes;

Crimes pardoned, others to thoſe Crimes invite,
Whilſt Lookers on, ſevere Examples fright:
When by a pardon'd Murderer blood is ſpilt,
The Judge that pardon'd, hath the greateſt guilt;
Who accuſe Rigour, make a groſs miſtake,
One Criminal pardon'd, may an hundred make;
When Juſtice on Offenders is not done,
Law, Government, Commerce, are overthrown;
As beſieg'd Traytors with the Foe conſpire,
T' unlock the Gates, and ſet the Town on Fire.
Yet let not Puniſhment th' Offence exceed,
Juſtice with Weight and Meaſure muſt proceed:
Yet when pronouncing ſentence, ſeem not glad,
Such Spectacles, though they are juſt, are ſad;
Though what thou doſt, thou ought'ſt not to repent,
Yet Humane Bowels cannot but relent;

Rather then all muſt ſuffer, ſome muſt dye;
Yet Nature muſt condole their miſery;
And yet if many equal guilt involve,
Thou may'ſt not theſe condemn, & thoſe abſolve.
Juſtice when equal Scales ſhe holds, is blind,
Nor Cruelty, nor Mercy, change her mind;
When ſome eſcape for that which others dye,
Mercy to thoſe, to theſe is Cruelty.
A fine and Slender Net the Spider weaves,
Which little and light Animals receives;
And if ſhe catch a common Bee or Flye,
They with a piteous groan and murmur dye;
But if a Waſp or Hornet ſhe entrap,
They tear her Cords like *Samſon*, and eſcape;
So like a Flie the poor Offender dyes;
But like the Waſp, the Rich eſcapes, and flyes.
Do not if one but lightly thee offend,
The puniſhment beyond the Crime extend;

Or after warning the Offence forget;

So God himself our failings doth remit.

Expect not more from Servants then is just,

Reward them well, if they observe their trust;

Nor them with Cruelty or Pride invade,

Since God and Nature them our Brothers made;

If his Offence be great, let that suffice;

If light, forgive, for no Man's alwaies wise.

The

The PREFACE.

MY early Mistress, now my Antient Muse,
That strong Circæan *liquor cease to infuse,*
Wherewith thou didst intoxicate my youth,
Now stoop with dis-inchanted wings to truth;
As the Doves flight did guide Æneas, now
May thine conduct me to the Golden Bough;
Tell (like a Tall Old Oake) how Learning shoots
To Heaven her Branches, and to Hell her Roots.

The

The

The Progreſs of Learning.

WHen God from Earth form'd *Adam* in the Eaſt,
He his own Image on the Clay impreſt;
As Subjects then the whole Creation came,
And from their Natures *Adam* them did Name,
Not from experience, (for the world was new)
He only from their Cauſe their Natures knew.
Had memory been loſt with Innocence,
We had not known the Sentence nor th' Offence;
'Twas his chief Puniſhment to keep in ſtore
The ſad remembrance what he was before;
And though th' offending part felt mortal pain,
Th' immortal part, its Knowledg did retain.

After

After the Flood, Arts to *Chaldæa* fell,
The Father of the faithful there did dwell,
Who both their Parent and Inſtructer was;
From thence did Learning into *Ægypt* paſs;
Moſes in all th' *Ægyptian* Arts was skill'd,
When Heavenly power that choſen Veſſel fill'd,
And we to his High inſpiration owe,
That what was done before the Flood, we know.
From *Ægypt* Arts their Progreſs made to *Greece*,
Wrapt in the Fable of the Golden Fleece.
Muſæus firſt, then *Orpheus* civilize
Mankind, and gave the world their Deities;
To many Gods they taught Devotion,
Which were the diſtinct faculties of one;
The eternal cauſe, in their immortal lines
Was taught, and Poets were the firſt Divines:
God *Moſes* firſt, then *David* did inſpire,
To compoſe Anthems for his Heavenly Quire;

To th' one the ſtyle of Friend he did impart,
On th' other ſtampt the likeneſs of his heart :
And *Moſes*, in the Old Original,
Even God the Poet of the world doth call.
Next thoſe old *Greeks*, *Pythagoras* did riſe,
Then *Socrates*, whom th' Oracle call'd Wiſe ;
The Divine *Plato* Moral Vertue ſhows,
Then his Diſciple *Ariſtotle* roſe,
Who Natures ſecrets to the world did teach,
Yet that great Soul our Noveliſts impeach ;
Too much manuring fill'd that field with weeds,
Whilſt Sects, like Locuſts, did deſtroy the ſeeds ;
The tree of Knowledge blaſted by diſputes,
Produces ſapleſs leaves inſtead of Fruits ;
Proud *Greece*, all Nations elſe, *Barbarians* held,
Boaſting her learning all the world excell'd.
Flying from thence, to *Italy* it came, Græcia Major.
And to the Realm of *Naples* gave the Name,

Till

Till both their Nation and their Arts did come
A welcom Trophy to Triumphant *Rome*;
Then whenſoe're her Conquering Eagles fled,
Arts, Learning, and Civility were ſpread;
And as in this our *Microcoſm*, the heart
Heat, Spirit, Motion gives to every part;
So *Rome*'s Victorious influence did diſperſe
All her own Vertues through the Univerſe.
Here ſome digreſſion I muſt make t' accuſe
Thee my forgetful, and ingrateful Muſe:
Could'ſt thou from *Greece* to *Latium* take thy flight,
And not to thy great Anceſtor do Right?
I can no more believe Old *Homer* blind
Then thoſe, who ſay the Sun hath never ſhin'd;
The age wherein he liv'd, was dark, but he
Could not want ſight, who taught the world to ſee:
They who *Minerva* from *Joves* head derive,
Might make Old *Homers* Skull the Muſes Hive;

And from his Brain, that *Helicon* diſtil,
Whoſe Racy Liquor did his off-ſpring fill.
Nor old *Anacreon*, *Heſiod*, *Theocrite*
Muſt we forget; nor *Pindar*'s lofty Flight.
Old *Homer*'s ſoul at laſt from *Greece* retir'd;
In *Italy* the *Mantuan* Swain inſpir'd.
When Great *Auguſtus* made wars Tempeſts ceaſe
His *Halcion* days brought forth the arts of Peace;
He ſtill in his Triumphant Chariot ſhines,
By *Horace* drawn, and *Virgil*'s mighty lines.
'Twas certainly myſterious, that the Name
Of Prophets and of Poets is the ſame; Vates.
What the *Tragedian* wrote, the late ſucceſs
Declares was Inſpiration, and not Gueſs: Seneca.
As dark a truth that Author did unfold,
As Oracles, or Prophets e're fore-told:
At laſt the Ocean ſhall unlock the Bound
Of things, and a New World by Typhis *found,* The Prophecy.

Then

Then Ages far remote shall understand
The Isle *of* Thule *is not the fartheſt Land.*
Sure God, by theſe Diſcoveries, did deſign
That his clear Light through all the World
should shine,
But the Obſtruction from that Diſcord ſprings
The Prince of Darkneſs makes 'twixt Chriſtian
Kings;
That peaceful age, with happineſs to Crown,
From Heaven the Prince of Peace himſelf came
down.
Then, the true Son of Knowledge firſt appear'd,
And the old dark myſterious Clouds were
clear'd,
The heavy Cauſe of th' old accurſed Flood
Sunk in the ſacred Deluge of his Blood.
His Paſſion, Man from his firſt fall, redeem'd;

Once more to Paradiſe reſtor'd we ſeem'd;
Satan himſelf was bound, till th' Iron chain
Our Pride did break, and let him looſe again.
Still the Old Sting remain'd, and Man began
To tempt the Serpent, as He tempted Man;
Then Hell ſends forth her Furies, Avarice,
Pride,
Fraud, Diſcord, Force, Hypocriſie their
Guide;
Though the Foundation on a Rock were laid,
The Church was undermin'd, and then betray'd;
Though the *Apoſtles*, theſe events fore-told,
Yet, even the Shepherd did devour the Fold:
The Fiſher to convert the world began,
The Pride convincing of vain-glorious Man;
But ſoon, his Follower grew a Soveraign Lo
And *Peter*'s Keys exchang'd for *Peter*'s Sword

Whi
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Wh

Which ſtill maintains for his adopted Son
Vaſt Patrimonies, though himſelf had none;
Wreſting the Text to the old Gyants ſenſe,
That Heaven, once more, muſt ſuffer, violence.
Then ſubtle Doctors, Scriptures, made their prize,
Caſuiſts, like Cocks, ſtruck out each others Eyes;
Then dark diſtinctions, Reaſons light diſguis'd,
And into Atoms, Truth anatomiz'd.
Then *Mahomets* Creſcent by our fewds encreaſt,
Blaſted the learn'd Remainders of the Eaſt:
That project, when from *Greece* to *Rome* it came,
Made Mother Ignorance Devotions Dame;
Then, He, whom *Lucifer*'s own Pride did ſwell,
His faithful Emiſſary, roſe from Hell

To poſſeſs *Peter*'s Chair, that *Hildebrand*
Whoſe foot on Miters, then on Crowns did ſtand,
And before that exalted Idol, all
(Whom we call Gods on Earth) did proſtrate fall.
Then Darkneſs, *Europe*'s face did over-ſpread
From lazy Cells, where ſuperſtition bred,
Which, link'd with blind Obedience, ſo encreaſt
That the whole world, ſome ages they oppreſt;
Till through thoſe Clouds, the Sun of knowledg brake,
And *Europe* from her Lethargy did wake:
Then, firſt our Monarchs were acknowledg'd here
That they their Churches Nurſing-Fathers were.

When

When *Lucifer* no longer could advance
His works on the falſe ground of Ignorance,
New Arts he tries, and new Deſigns he lays,
Then, his well-ſtudy'd Maſter-piece he plays;
Loyola, *Luther*, *Calvin* he inſpires
And kindles, with infernal Flames, their fires,
Sends their fore-runner (conſcious of th' event)
Printing, his moſt pernicious Inſtrument:
Wild Controverſie then, which long had ſlept,
Into the Preſs from ruin'd Cloyſters leapt;
No longer by Implicite faith we erre,
Whilſt every Man's his own Interpreter;
No more conducted now by *Aarons* Rod,
Lay-Elders, from their Ends, create their God.
But ſeven wiſe men, the ancient world did know,

We ſcarce know ſeven, who think themſelves not ſo.

When Man learn'd undefil'd Religion,
We were commanded to be all as one;
Fiery diſputes, that Union have calcin'd,
Almoſt as many minds as men we find,
And when that flame finds combuſtible Earth,
Thence Fatuus fires and Meteors take their birth,
Legions of Sects, and Inſects come in throngs;
To name them all, would tire a hundred tongues.
Such were the Centaures of *Ixions* race
Who, a bright Cloud, for *Juno*, did embrace,
And ſuch the Monſters of *Chimæra*'s kind,
Lyons before, and Dragons were behind.

Then

Then, from the claſhes between Popes and Kings,
Debate, like ſparks from Flints colliſion, ſprings:
As *Joves* loud Thunder-bolts were forg'd by heat,
The like, our Cyclops, on their Anvils, beat;
All the rich Mines of Learning, ranſackt are
To furniſh Ammunition for this War:
Uncharitable Zeal our Reaſon whets,
And double Edges on our Paſſion ſets;
'Tis the moſt certain ſign, the world's accurſt,
That the beſt things corrupted, are the worſt;
'Twas the corrupted Light of knowledg, hurl'd
Sin, Death, and Ignorance o're all the world;
That Sun like this, (from which our ſight we have)
Gaz'd on too long, reſumes the light he gave;

And when thick miſts of doubts obſcure his beams,

Our Guide is Errour, and our Viſions, Dreams;

'Twas no falſe Heraldry, when madneſs drew

Her Pedigree from thoſe, who too much Knew;

Who in deep Mines, for hidden Knowledg toyls,

Like Guns o're-charg'd, breaks, miſſes, or re-coyls;

When ſubtle Wits have ſpun their thred too fine,

'Tis weak and fragile like *Arachnes* line:

True Piety, without ceſſation toſt

By *Theories*, the practick part is loſt,

And like a Ball bandy'd 'twixt Pride and Wit,

Rather then yield, both ſides the Prize will quit,

Then

Then whilſt his Foe, each Gladiator foyls,
The Atheiſt looking on, enjoys the ſpoils.
Through Seas of knowledge, we our courſe advance,
Diſcovering ſtill new worlds of Ignorance;
And theſe Diſcoveries make us all confeſs
That ſublunary Science is but gueſs,
Matters of fact, to man are only known,
And what ſeems more, is meer opinion;
The ſtanders by, ſee clearly this event,
All parties ſay they're ſure, yet all diſſent,
With their new Light our bold Inſpectors preſs
Like *Cham*, to ſhew their Fathers Nakedneſs,
By whoſe Example, after-ages may
Diſcover, we more naked are then they;
All humane wiſdom to divine, is folly,

This

This Truth, the wiſeſt man made melancholy;
Hope, or belief, or gueſs gives ſome relief,
But to be ſure we are deceiv'd, brings grief;
Who thinks his Wife is Vertuous, though not ſo,
Is pleas'd, and patient, till the truth he know.
Our God, when Heaven and Earth he did Create,
Form'd Man, who ſhould of both participate;
If our Lives motions their's muſt imitate,
Our knowledge, like our blood, muſt circulate.
When like a Bride-groom from the Eaſt, the Sun
Sets forth, he thither, whence he came doth run;
Into Earth's Spungy Veins, the Ocean ſinks

Thoſe

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